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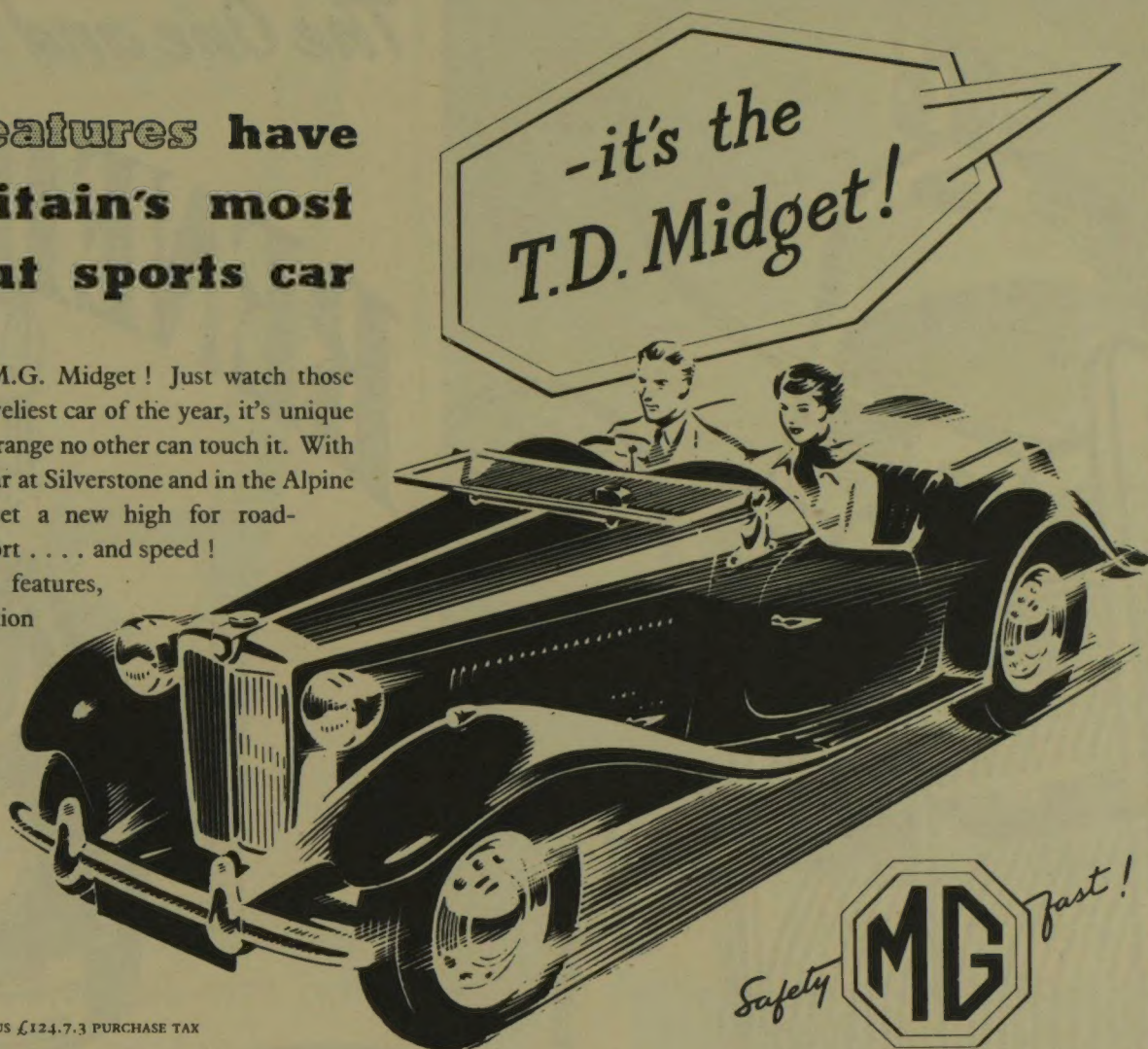
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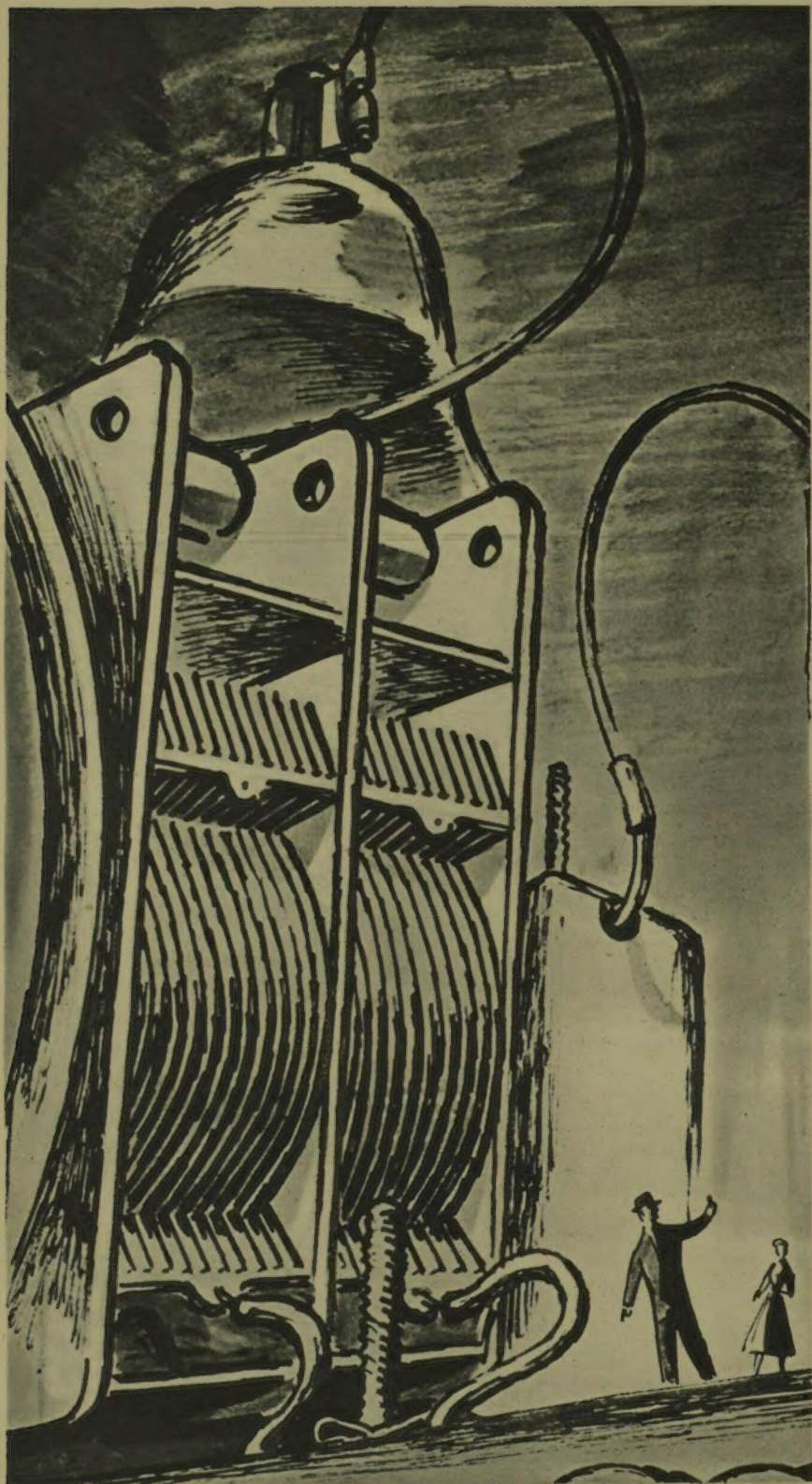
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GOOD YEAR

FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR

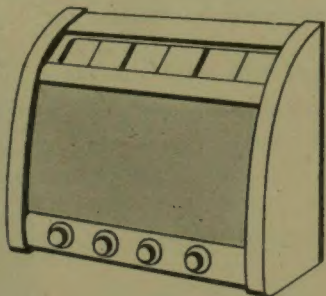




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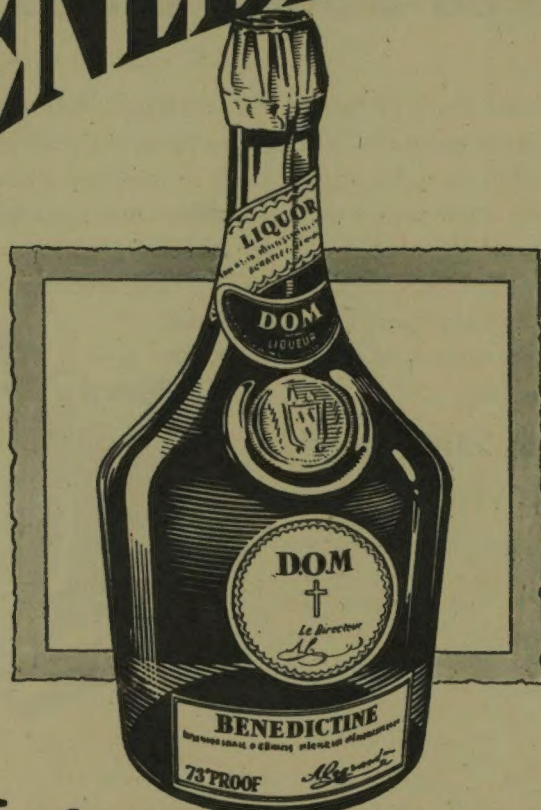
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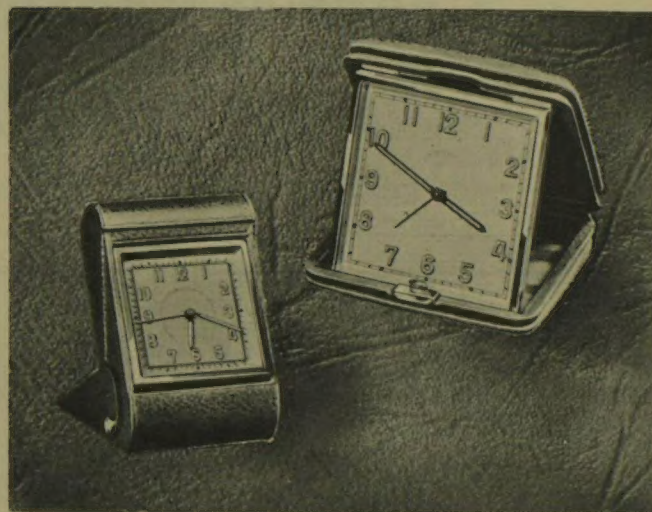
Gifts from '112'

In the choice of your most important presents this Christmas you will find the selections at 112 are an inspiration in gracious giving. For those unable to visit our showrooms, our Christmas list is now available and will be sent upon request.



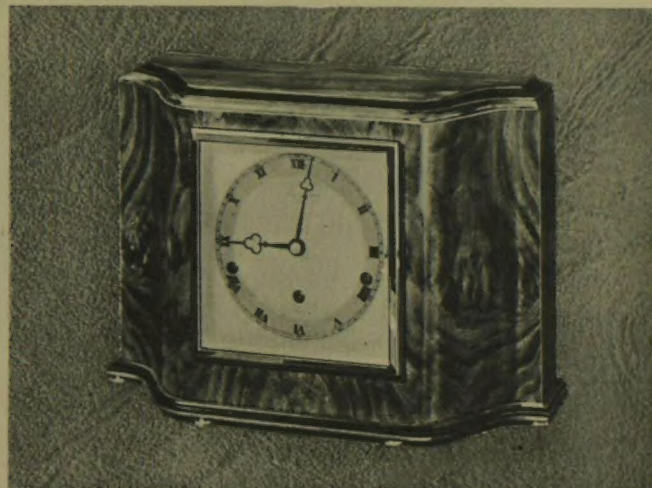
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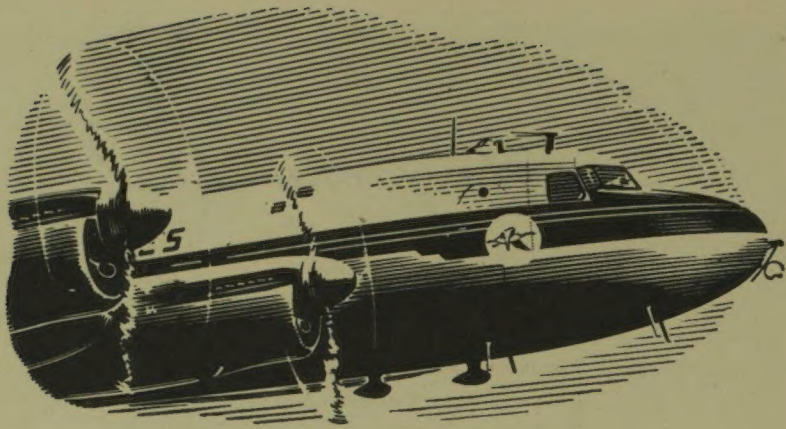


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The Happiest Xmas Gift
FROM THE GREATEST NAMES IN CYCLING

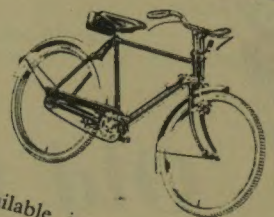


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Pigskin Document Case £12.5.0



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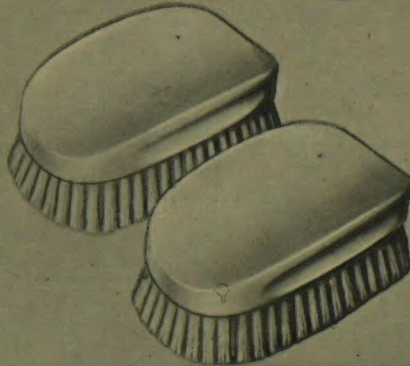
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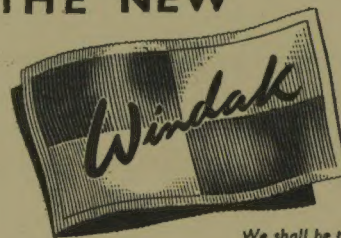
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COOKS IN QUARTER THE TIME.

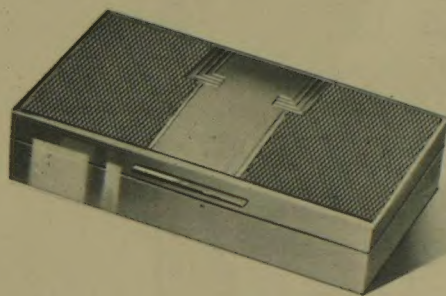
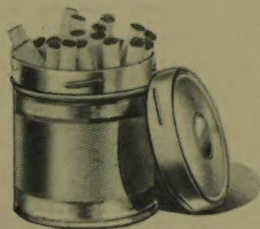
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for a Man!



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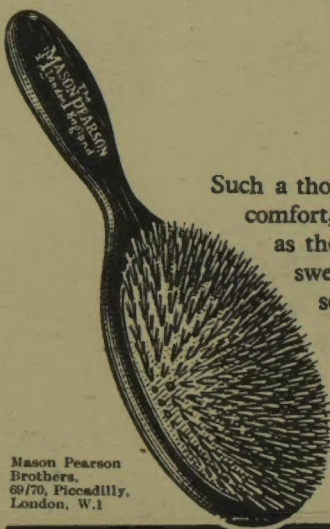
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1950.



THE COMMANDER OF THE U.N. FORCES IN KOREA, WHO ARE "NOW FACING AN ENTIRELY NEW WAR": GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR AND LIEUT. GENERAL WALTON WALKER, COMMANDER OF THE U.S. EIGHTH ARMY.

General MacArthur, Commander of the U.N. forces in Korea, summoned his two chief field commanders, Lieut.-General Walton Walker and Major-General E. Almond, to a conference on November 28, after he had described the military situation in a special U.N. communiqué as follows: "... a major segment of the Chinese continental armed forces ... of an aggregate strength of over 200,000 men is

now arrayed against the U.N. forces. ... Consequently we face an entirely new war." The U.N. offensive which, if successful, would, General MacArthur hoped, "for all practical purposes end the war," was launched on November 23, and initial gains were made. On November 26, resistance was encountered, followed by attacks in strength which threatened the whole front.

THE NEW FACTOR IN THE KOREAN WAR: TOUGH AND DISCIPLINED TROOPS OF THE CHINESE RED ARMY.



CHINESE TROOPS GOING INTO AN ATTACK: A PHOTOGRAPH FROM RUSSIAN SOURCES, TAKEN BEFORE CHINESE INTERVENTION IN KOREA, SHOWING AN INFANTRY ASSAULT.



CHINESE COMMUNIST TROOPS MANNING AN ARTILLERY OBSERVATION POST; AND USING RANGE-FINDER, FIELD TELEPHONE AND STEREOSCOPIC TELESCOPE.



A CHINESE COMMUNIST MACHINE-GUN POST, DESCRIBED AS BEING IN ACTION AGAINST NATIONALIST FORCES: THE MACHINE-GUN RESEMBLES A U.S. BROWNING.

On November 28, while reports from Korea, stated that Chinese Communist troops were pouring through a gap in the United Nations' line near Tokchon and were threatening to encircle a considerable portion of their forces, General MacArthur, in a special communiqué to the United Nations, stated: "Enemy reactions developed in the course of our assault operation of the past four days disclose that a major segment of the Chinese continental armed forces in an army, corps and divisional organisation of an aggregate strength of over 200,000 men is now arrayed against the United Nations forces in North Korea. There



CHINESE COMMUNIST TROOPS LEADING HEAVY EQUIPMENT OVER MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY. CONSIDERABLE USE IS MADE OF HORSE AND MULE TRANSPORT.

exists the obvious intent and preparation for the support of these forces by heavy reinforcements now concentrated within the privileged sanctuary north of the international boundary and constantly moving forward. Consequently, we face an entirely new war." On the same day Mr. Warren Austin, the U.S.

representative on the Security Council, denounced the Chinese Communists and said: "It also appears clear beyond any doubt that what all the free world hoped was an intervention for limited purposes is, in fact, aggression, open and notorious, and I call it so under direct instructions from my Government."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THIS morning my mail-bag included an unexpected gift. It was the manuscript journal of a young officer of the 89th Foot, begun a year or two before Queen Victoria ascended the throne. It describes, without any particular literary or intellectual distinction—one would not expect it—the social life of a subaltern in Ireland and the West Indies: the kind of life which, with variations of period and fashion, generations of young Englishmen of birth and education have lived while serving their country in peacetime in the profession of arms. But on one page the casual reader is brought up short by a passage which stands out, stark and terrifying, among the descriptions of picnics, dances and supper parties when "champaign [*sic*] and singing were the order of the night." I will let it speak for itself: it describes the events of an early February morning at Cork in 1836. "The unfortunate Sprugham is no more. This morning at 7 o'clock the Brigade formed three sides of a square fronting the grave . . . at 8 o'clock the coffin was brought down and placed by the side of the grave, and in a minute Sprugham made his appearance, the Priest on one side and a friend on the other—he appeared very composed. The Square was called to attention and shoulder, and then the prisoner marched round the Square in slow time, the band playing the Dead March. When opposite his own company he stopped and spoke a few words to them, warning them to leave off drinking, which he said had been his ruin. He then marched up to the grave. While praying, the firing party were brought to the front. And, when ready, he got up on the coffin and observed to his friend that he was afraid it would upset and was not well balanced and therefore he must be careful how he knelt down. He then shook hands with the Priest and his friend, but, recollecting something, he said to his friend he thought he had better take off his coat, which he did, and when his friend said he would fold it up for him, he said, 'Oh, never mind, John, I will do it.' And in the coolest way possible he folded it up and handed it to his friend. Having taken off his shoes, and a handkerchief being tied round his eyes, he again knelt down, but just as the Priest walked away he took the handkerchief off his eyes. The Firing Party under the command of Ensign Clarke of the 89th then got the word, 'Ready! Present! Fire!', and almost before the sound was heard the unfortunate fellow doubled up and fell down by the side of the coffin. The Reserve immediately ran up and the Sergeant fired at him and then the rest fired and blew his skull to pieces. Sir C. Smith then gave the word of command to march past in single file in slow time, which we did: I never saw such a horrid sight. . . . When we reformed three sides of a square, his body was put on a coffin and lowered into the grave which was filled up, and then we got the word, 'Right form! form deep—March! and to your Barracks, Quick March!' the band playing a quick step, and so ended the scene."

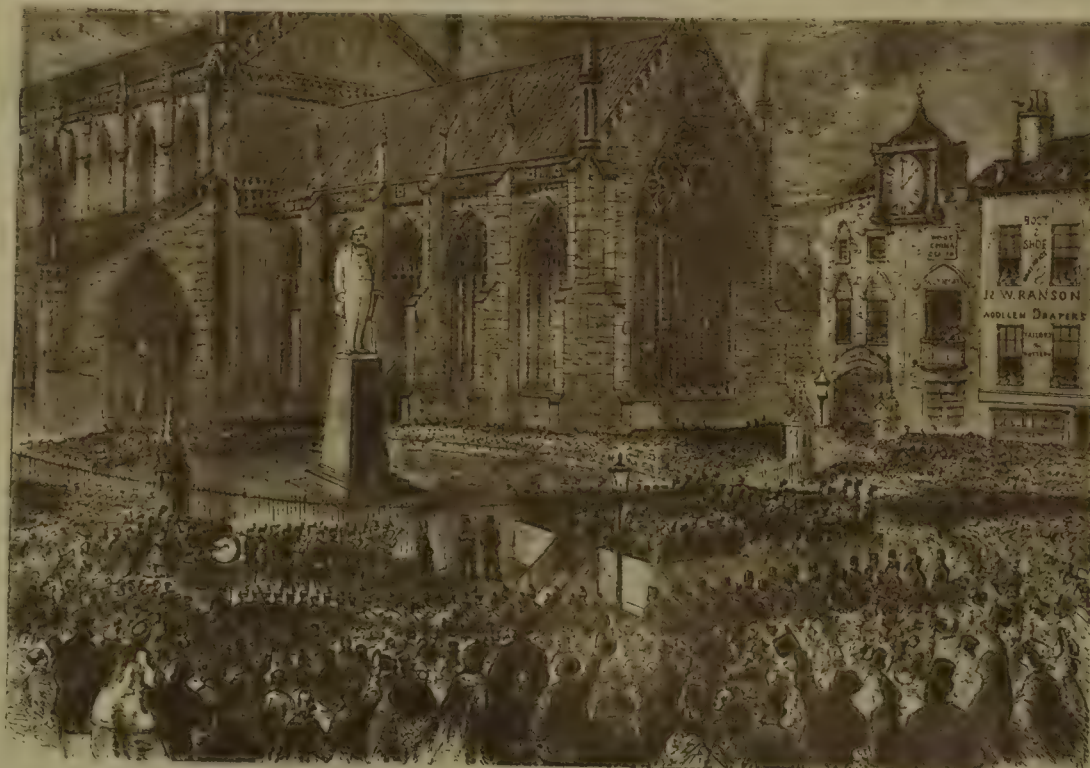
There cannot have been an officer or man present, however hardened, who did not remember the picture of that drear February morning under the grey Atlantic sky to his dying day: the scarlet, pipeclayed square, the solemn, Handelian music, the doomed man with set, white face pacing the ranks and halting beside the grave. Military justice—and almost certainly human injustice—had been done, and the needs, if needs they were, of discipline served. The Army in those days was a little world of harsh cruelty and, to us,

almost unimaginable severity: the shadow of the Iron Duke and of the Prussianised drill of the eighteenth century lay across it: the great era of the reforms initiated by Florence Nightingale were still more than a generation ahead. Without the realisation of that grim background it is impossible to do justice to that noble and militant woman; it is no wonder that the silhouette of her figure passing across the stinking, agonised hell of the neglected

THEN AND NOW: THE HERBERT INGRAM STATUE CONTROVERSY IN BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.



NEAR THE FAMOUS BOSTON "STUMP": THE STATUE OF HERBERT INGRAM, M.P. FOR BOSTON, Lincs., AND FOUNDER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." THE PROPOSAL TO MOVE THE STATUE FROM ITS PRESENT POSITION AND REPLACE IT WITH THE TOWN'S WAR MEMORIAL IS LIKELY TO BE THE SUBJECT OF A LIVELY CONTROVERSY IN BOSTON.



UNVEILED BY THE MAYOR OF BOSTON IN THE PRESENCE OF THE CORPORATION AND A LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC GATHERING: THE MEMORIAL TO HERBERT INGRAM, M.P., RECEIVED BY THE TOWN—A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING OF THE CEREMONY IN 1862.

In 1842 Herbert Ingram, a native of Boston, Lincolnshire, came to London to found the world's first illustrated newspaper, *The Illustrated London News*. He subsequently represented his birthplace as Member of Parliament, being elected on three successive occasions, and devoted his energies to improving the amenities of his constituency. In 1860 he was drowned in Lake Michigan while on a visit to the United States; in 1862 a statue, erected by public subscription, was unveiled on a site near the parish church, the famous Boston "Stump." Recently the Deputy Mayor of Boston, Councillor E. C. Stanwell, proposed at a council meeting that the statue of Herbert Ingram should be removed from the site which it has occupied for nearly 100 years to make room for the town's war memorial, which in turn would be removed from its present site adjoining Bargate Green. In connection with this proposal it is interesting to recall the words of the Mayor of Boston in 1862, when, in receiving the statue from the hands of the committee, he said: "On the part of the Town and Corporation I have great pleasure in receiving this noble work of art . . . and feel that we are highly honoured in being intrusted therewith . . . we promise to keep it . . . as we receive it from you and we trust that our children and our children's children will keep it equally unsullied in memory of one who was an honour to the town which gave him birth."

[Illustration reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of October 18, 1862.]

Scutari wards struck the imagination of her contemporaries as nothing else in that age:

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great annals of the land—

never were juster words written by poet. And the iron will and temper of the woman, that so amused the sheltered dilettante, Lytton Strachey, were an essential ingredient in those Herculean labours of half a century which transformed the British Army in all save its courage and corporate pride and softened the harsh contours of human existence in every corner of the world. I have not yet had the good fortune to read her latest biographer's life of her—a pleasure still in store for me—but it delights me, who have been her idolator since childhood, to read of the universal acclamation that has attended its publication. She was the greatest woman of her century—the Joan of Arc of England—and it is right that our generation, which owes so much to her, should recognise it. And this grim passage in a soldier's journal is a reminder of what she had to fight.

It was not, of course, that poor Sprugham was unjustly shot; I do not know what his offence had been, but it was no doubt a very grave one, committed apparently under the influence of drink—the besetting sin at that time, and long before, of the British private soldier. What was unjust, and what, like injustice, produced tragic social consequences, was the moral atmosphere in which the soldier was expected by society to live. He was treated as though he was something less than a man, though, as the annals of the Army show, in battle he proved himself capable again and again, of a noble courage, endurance and unselfishness. His officers shared his virtues in time of war, and were usually kindly men, but they accepted the system they inherited—one that treated them personally, provided that they possessed private means of their own, with consideration and respect—and took unjust things as they were. It was the greatness of Florence Nightingale—a woman of their class—that she refused to take things as they were and, in defiance of convention, vested interest and family affection, devoted her entire life to making them better. She challenged society, opened blind eyes and, with her acute and orderly mind, laid the

foundations of a new and juster system. She was the best friend outside the Army the British soldier has ever had.

To-day it has become the fashion to believe that the State—the administrative force of corporate society—can achieve and enforce social justice without the impetus of the individual conscience and will. I wish I could see some evidence for this thesis in the pages of history. They seem to me to prove the exact contrary. No great reform worth the name has ever been achieved except by the vision, determination and self-sacrifice of the individual. The more I see the individual, and the freedom of the individual in his or her dealings with the State, being ironed out in the name of social and economic equality and administrative uniformity, the more I tremble for the human future. There are no protesters against the inhumanity and injustice of the State's power in Soviet Russia to-day, and there is no country where, amidst much that is good, so much inhumanity and injustice is being done. The only sort of society in which reform is possible is one in which a Florence Nightingale can raise her voice without being immediately extinguished by the grave or the concentration camp.

THE COMMUNIST CHINESE ARMY ON PARADE: A RED DISPLAY OF STRENGTH AT PEKING.



CHINESE GIRL STUDENTS TAKING PART IN A PEKING CEREMONY CELEBRATING THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE COMMUNIST REPUBLIC. EMBLEMS CARRIED INCLUDE HAMMER-AND-SICKLE AND "DOVES OF PEACE."



LEADING THE ARMED FORCES PROCESSION AT THE PEKING ANNIVERSARY PARADES: CHINESE COMMUNIST NAVAL UNITS.



PARTICIPANTS IN THE GREAT PEKING PARADE: ALTHOUGH THE PORTRAITS IN THE FOREGROUND ARE OF STALIN, TO THE REAR THOSE OF MAO TSE-TUNG AND CHU TE ARE MORE FREQUENT.



THE GOVERNMENT TRIBUNE AT THE PEKING ANNIVERSARY PARADE: AT THE EXTREME RIGHT IS THE COMMUNIST LEADER, MAO TSE-TUNG.



TYPICAL SOLDIERS OF THE CHINESE RED ARMY, PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE LOOKING AT AN ENTERTAINMENT IN THE OPEN.



RED CAVALRY RIDING PAST AT THE PEKING PARADE, A MILITARY-POLITICAL OCCASION ORGANISED VERY MUCH ON THE LINES OF THE ANNUAL CEREMONIES FAMILIAR IN MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE.

In view of the open aggression of Communist Chinese forces in strength in Korea, the pictures of Chinese Red Army troops on this page and on pages 938 and 939 have an especial topical interest. At the time of the defeat of the Nationalist forces the Chinese Red Army was about 5,000,000 strong, but during 1950 Mao Tse-tung announced that the Army was being reduced to about 1,000,000 by the end of the

year. This Army—the People's Liberation Army—is well-disciplined, well-trained and enthusiastic and, at this strength, is probably well-equipped with weapons from many sources, local, Russian, Japanese and American (as regards those seized from the Nationalist forces). It has no badges of rank and the pay is nominal and the conditions austere; but it has been described as an "able and loyal" body.

"HOLBEIN AND OTHER MASTERS": THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER SHOW.



"HENRY VIII. PRESENTS THE CHARTER TO THE BARBER SURGEONS GUILD"; BY HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Worshipful Company of Barbers.)



"SIR NICHOLAS CAREW" (D. 1539), MASTER OF THE HORSE TO HENRY VIII.; BY HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER. (1497-1543). (Lent by the Duke of Buccleuch.)



"JOAN THORNBURY, MRS. WAKEMAN"; BY HANS EWORTH (AT WORK 1540-1573). THE INSCRIPTION BEGINS "MY CHILDHOOD PAST . . ." (Lent by Mr. Oliver Walney.)



"HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY" (1517?-1547?); BY GUILLEM STREETES. SURREY WAS BEHEADED. (Lent by the Hon. Clive Pearson.)



"PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN LADY"; BY A FOLLOWER OF HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER. SHE WEARS A HANDSOME JEWEL. (Lent by Mr. H. E. M. Benn.)



"MARGARET COUNTESS OF LENNOX"; BY THE MASTER A.W. SHE WAS THE MOTHER OF DARNLEY. (Lent by Viscountess Lee of Fareham.)



"LADY WITH A PET SQUIRREL AND STARLING"; BY HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER (1497-1543). (Lent by the Marquess of Cholmondeley.)



"ARCHBISHOP WARHAM" (1450?-1532), ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; BY HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER (1497-1543). (Lent by the Church Commissioners.)

The Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy, "Holbein and Other Masters of the 16th and 17th Centuries," opens to-day, December 9, and will continue until March, 1951. It was originally intended to hold an exhibition of German painting this winter, but when this proved impossible, the present show was organised. By retaining those works promised to the German Exhibition, which represent Holbein in his English period, Mr. Ellis Waterhouse has been able to assemble a

magnificent array of Tudor portraits. These include paintings and drawings graciously lent by the King (who has also lent works to the section devoted to seventeenth-century artists), and by private collectors, and public galleries both at home and abroad. Portraits by unknown followers of Holbein on view include one signed "A.W." of Margaret Countess of Lennox. This lady combined the indomitable Tudor will with the Douglas subtlety and cunning.

AN ARRAY OF TUDOR PERSONALITIES: NOW ON VIEW AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

HOLBEIN'S genius as a portrait painter is displayed in its full splendour in the glorious series of Tudor portraits on view in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, "Holbein and Other Masters of the 16th and 17th Centuries," which opens to-day, December 9, and will continue until March, 1951. This great artist was described in his lifetime by the then British Ambassador in

[Continued below.]

(LEFT.) "HENRY STUART, EARL OF DARNLEY," AGED NINE, SON OF MARGARET COUNTESS OF LENNOX. HE WAS THE SECOND HUSBAND OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS; BY HANS EWORTH (AT WORK 1540-1573). (Lent by Lord Bolton.)



"FRANCES BRANDON, DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, AND ADRIAN STOKES"; BY HANS EWORTH (AT WORK 1540-1573). (Lent by Colonel J. C. Wynn-Finch.)



"THOMAS WYNDHAM"; BY HANS EWORTH (AT WORK 1540-1573), AN ARTIST WELL REPRESENTED IN THE EXHIBITION. (Lent by the Earl of Radnor.)



"A TURK ON HORSEBACK"; BY HANS EWORTH (AT WORK 1540-1573). A DECORATIVE PAINTING WITH FIGURES IN THE BACKGROUND. (Lent by the Earl of Yarborough.)



"SIR JOHN LUTTRELL"; BY HANS EWORTH (AT WORK 1540-1573). COMMEMORATING THE SITTER'S ESCAPE FROM DROWNING. (Lent by Mr. G. F. Luttrell.)



"MILDRED LADY BURGHLEY"; BY HANS EWORTH (AT WORK 1540-1573). THE SITTER WEARS RICH ELIZABETHAN DRESS. (Lent by the Marquess of Salisbury.)



"SIR NICHOLAS POYNTZ" (1510-1557); BY HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER (1497-1543). (Lent by the Earl of Harrowby.)



"PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN LADY"; BY A CLOSE FOLLOWER OF HANS HOLBEIN. THE SITTER WEARS A NARROW GOLD AND ENAMEL CHAIN. (Lent by Mr. J. W. Fitzwilliam.)

Continued.]

Brussels as "very excellent at making physiognomies," a judgment with which posterity may be said to concur. Hans Eworth, who was active from 1540 until 1573, is strongly represented in the exhibition and the array of fine paintings by his hand which it contains—the largest ever before assembled in one exhibition, it is believed—provides outstanding proof of his importance and remarkable gifts. The rooms devoted to later artists contain a number of interesting Venetian sixteenth-century

and Flemish seventeenth-century works which Mr. Francis Watson has collected from private owners and public galleries. The catalogue foreword to this section is by Professor Anthony Blunt, and there is a short introduction to it by the President of the Royal Academy, in which he refers to the difficulties with which the Royal Academy was faced when the German exhibition could not be arranged, and to the gracious loan of paintings by H.M. the King.

WANDERINGS IN SEARCH OF BEAUTY.

*"Drawings": By SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, P.R.W.S., R.A.**

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

VOLUMES of drawings by Old Masters have come out with some frequency of late, especially since the Phaidon Press began its admirable operations. Pleasant they are, too: drawings have a charm quite distinct from the charm of paintings: there have even been, in our own day, well-

known Academicians whose paintings have been mediocre and destined for oblivion, but whose drawings, when one comes across them, prove to be enchanting: sienna," "sepia and red pen and wash," "sepia and burnt sienna and wash," and "pen, chalk and water-colour." Some of them, with their effective flat planes, remind me of Cotman's wash-drawings; others, with their hills, ancient buildings, and brooding, thundery skies, of the romantic drawings of W. Gilpin, of which, before the latest, but probably not the last, Armageddon, I possessed a large number. The dominant drawings in the book, however, are those of the female figure, clad or unclad.

Sir William can certainly draw: he can precisely draw what he sees, what he poses and what he wants to draw. That talent of drawing has been distributed amongst a great variety of artists, from Leonardo and Dürer to H. M. Bateman, George Morrow and even James Thurber, who draws exactly what he wants to draw, but certainly would never have won a prize in the Life School of the Royal Academy of Arts. The clear eye and the unerring hand are given to people with all sorts of temperaments, tastes and intellects. "You must mix your paints with brains," said Rossetti, or somebody: but, however faithfully the formula is obeyed, there are always different sorts of brains, and always various kinds of outlook. Sir William, drawing his numerous models, and drawing them with admirable line and perspective, sometimes gives me a shock with his titles. "Malory's Vivien" he labels one drawing: it is an admirable drawing, but to me seems worlds away from the "Morte D'Arthur." "Pallas Athene" is another label for a shapely young middle-class girl holding an uncompleted stick which is meant to suggest the goddess's spear: it is a charming drawing, again, but not thus did the Greeks conceive that great armed effigy which stood on the Acropolis, with the violet crown of hills around, surveying and defying Salamis and the Aegean, or even the artist who conceived the statue which dominates the portals of the Athenæum Club in Pall Mall. The divine, the majestic, the august are beyond Sir William's range, as they were beyond the range of many charming artists: what would Sophocles have thought of a Pallas Athene designed by him or Watteau or Fragonard, or (for that matter) sung about by Herrick? The best of Sir William's drawings, to me, are certain portraits and sketches (notably numbers 48, 49 and 50 in his book) and landscapes and portrait heads.

He can draw, and beautifully: he certainly can write vigorously: and he has always been interested in the history of his art and kindred arts. He describes in his "Prologue" after a wide survey of the work of Tintoretto, Tiepolo, David Cox, Clara Montalba, Goya, Rembrandt and others, his career as an Illustrator. First there came Malory. Then "three volumes of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' produced in similar manner, were much more troublesome. Though linked together by the wonderful characterisation of the tale-tellers and the entertaining arguments of their pilgrimage, they jump from period to period and subject to subject, from the yeoman and wenches of

commission well-illustrated books. Art has many pleasant fields, but none more flowery than book illustration." At any rate, we have a well-illustrated book here!

At the end of this book there are various appendices. There is a charming epilogue, in which he pays tribute (as how few authors do) to the care and patience of his publishers; there is an impressive list of his Works in Public Galleries, the galleries including those of Aberdeen, Eton College, Brisbane, Brooklyn, Ghent, Santa Barbara, Worthing, the V. and A., Indianapolis, Hereford and Nelson, N.Z.; there is a list of titles of books which he has illustrated, which certainly covers a wide field, from "King Solomon's Mines" to "Savoy Operas," from "Of the Imitation of Christ" to "Theocritus, Bion and



SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, ARTIST, WHOSE BOOK OF DRAWINGS IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Sir William Russell Flint, President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours since 1936, was born in Edinburgh in 1880. He came to London at the age of twenty, and from 1903-7 was on the staff of *The Illustrated London News*. He is represented by works in the British and Victoria and Albert Museums, the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, and in more than fifty permanent collections in Great Britain, Canada, U.S.A., Australia, and other countries.

Photograph by Fayer.

known Academicians whose paintings have been mediocre and destined for oblivion, but whose drawings, when one comes across them, prove to be enchanting:



"ERNEST THESIGER AS VOLTAIRE IN OLD AGE." THE SECOND OF TWO STUDIES.

Brown chalks on prepared French paper dated 1769. 11½ ins. by 8½ ins.

I have even seen beautiful drawings by men whose disastrous great daubs in oil have been relegated to cellars by the Tate. But the drawings of our contemporaries are seldom seen in reproduction, though all painters and many architects (the late Sir R. Blomfield and Mr. Curtis Green, R.A., outstanding amongst these latter) constantly produce them. I remember that long ago there were one or two *cahiers* of drawings by the young Augustus John, and noble they were, and so well reproduced that when they were hung in one's study they might well have passed, unless somebody came scrutinising with a lens, for originals. But whole volumes of reproduced drawings by contemporaries are extremely rare. Here is one. Sir William Russell Flint has collected a large number of his drawings and published them with a "Prologue" which is to all intents and purposes an artistic autobiography.

The drawings are various: there are portraits, there are landscapes, and there is a plenitude of opulent and recumbent nudes. "Only one has been exhibited previously; not one has hitherto been reproduced." Those who are familiar with Sir William's work will nevertheless not be surprised by the volume as a whole, though they may find delightful surprises in some of the drawings of Spanish landscapes, in "sepia pen and wash," "sepia pen and touches of body-colour," "sepia and burnt



"MODEL POSING AS CHAUCER'S 'MISCHANCE.'"

Brown and black chalks and sepia and black washes on old French paper. 12 ins. by 7½ ins.

Moschus"; and there is a "Bibliography" which records, amongst other things, that he contributed, in 1901, to the *Ophthalmological Journal*. At that time, the Boer War being in process, he was illustrating, for the benefit of the Army Medical Service,

diseases of the eye, bullet-wounds and the effects of leprosy. He served in the next war, and now he gives, in the old phrase, "A Backward Glance O'er Travelled Roads." He ends: "I have written, my publishers tell me, fifteen thousand words, and now the moment comes for me to present my drawings for judgment. When I was a boy a magazine illustration showed an artist setting up his sketching easel. The caption was: 'His life was spent in wanderings in beautiful places.' I have been permitted to wander in beautiful places and to make many drawings not only of places but of people, from kings and queens to anonymous models, wondering always at the infinite variety so generously provided for those with eyes to see—so tormentingly difficult for those who would portray them worthily. This book having passed its preliminaries—*pas sans peine, Ami Lecteur, pas sans peine*—its author now relapses into silence for a time to allow the drawings, which represent a tiny fraction of his life's output, to speak for themselves."



"COCA, AFTERNOON."

Sepia and burnt sienna pen and wash on heavy old Spanish paper. 10½ ins. by 17 ins. Drawings by Sir William Russell Flint, reproduced from the book by Courtesy of the Publishers, Collins.

Plantagenet England to the disquisitions of Italian sermonisers, from delicious touches of nature observation to philosophical argument and from martyrdom in Rome to sumptuous mediæval imagery. I hope conditions will soon again permit publishers to

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 968 of this issue.

* "Drawings" by Sir William Russell Flint, P.R.W.S., R.A. 134 Plates. (Collins; £4 4s.)

A NEWLY FOUND VISOR FOR THE WORTHING HELMET: A DISCOVERY MUCH ENHANCING THE ORIGINAL FIND.

The discovery of a fine Roman parade helmet near Worthing, Norfolk, in August, 1947, was a first-rate discovery, but the recent discovery of the visor-mask belonging to it very much increases the value and importance of the find. Concerning this discovery and its significance, Mr. R. Rainbird Clarke, M.A., F.S.A., Deputy Curator of Norwich Castle Museum, writes as follows:

IN August, 1947, dredging in the River Wensum at Worthing, fifteen miles north-west of Norwich, brought to light a magnificent Roman cavalry helmet, [described in our issue of September 20, 1947]. Now, by a happy chance, the outer visor-mask of this helmet has been recovered from the same site and, through the generosity of the landowner, Mrs. R. M. Rivett, has likewise been presented to Norwich Castle Museum. The fortunate discovery of this visor-mask, representing a type so far only known in Britain, from what is probably a fragment from the brow of such a mask in the Ilkley Museum, was due to the decision of the local Catchment Board to level the high mounds on the river bank resulting from the dredging of 1947. This operation was entrusted to two men, one of whom had been concerned in the earlier find and so was alert to the possibility of finding a visor-mask. This they duly unearthed on November 8, 1950, without any further damage than that already caused by the impact of the dredger in 1947, which had torn the mask into two parts.

[Continued below.]

FIG. 1. A ROMANTIC STORY OF DISCOVERY: (ABOVE) THE ROMAN PARADE HELMET, DREDGED OUT OF THE WENSUM IN AUGUST, 1947; WITH, BELOW, THE VISOR MASK BELONGING TO IT RECENTLY FOUND NEARBY.

FIG. 2. THE NEAREST PARALLEL TO THE WORTHING HELMET: THAT FOUND AT PFRONDORF, WÜRTTEMBERG, WHICH HAS ALL THREE PARTS, HELM, VISOR MASK AND INNER VISOR FOR MOUTH, NOSE AND EYES.

FIG. 3. THE RIGHT CHEEK OF THE WORTHING VISOR MASK, SHOWING MARS WITH HIS SHIELD, AND THE CONVENTIONAL CURL DECORATION ABOVE.

FIG. 4. THE LEFT CHEEK OF THE WORTHING VISOR MASK, SHOWING THE REPOUSSÉ FIGURE OF VICTORY HOLDING A WREATH AND PALM.

Continued.

This new find was promptly reported to Norwich Museum by the wife of an adjacent farmer, who had unhesitatingly identified the original helmet as Roman on the basis of an historical film she had seen. The Worthing helmet is composed of copper, tin and zinc, corresponding to the alloy now called "gilding metal." (Fig. 1). Its bonnet is crowned by a prominent crest, terminating in an eagle's beak and flanked by feathers of the same bird. The sides are ornamented with rampant sea-dragons and the "false" up-turned peak bears snakes with bird-like heads. Dr. J. C. M. Toynbee, F.S.A., in her study of the helmet published in *The Journal of Roman Studies* for 1948, drew attention to the classical origin of the designs, but pointed out that the vigorous and ferocious nature of the treatment indicated a quasi-barbaric adaptation of these motifs in a military workshop in the northern provinces of the Empire, whether in the Danube area, in the Rhineland or in Britain. She suggested, on stylistic grounds, a date in the late third century A.D. The newly-discovered face-piece (Figs. 1, 3, 4) is of similar composition to the rest of the helmet and still bears extensive traces of gilding. This outer visor-mask is distinguished by a broad T-shaped aperture into which was originally soldered an inner visor-mask (now missing). The latter probably represented the mouth, nose and eyes, the first two being pierced for ventilation and the last for the horseman's vision. The cheeks (Figs. 3 and 4) are decorated in repoussé technique, with a figure of Mars with shield on the spectator's left, and of Victory holding a wreath and palm on the other side. Covering the chin is a Medusa head with aquiline-beaked snakes flying out from her hair. Over the brows are two rows of tight, round conventional curls, increased to four rows over the

ears. Near the neck-guard on both sides is a metal stud for securing the visor to the helmet, when in use, probably by a strap. In the article on the original discovery of the Worthing helmet in 1947, decorated cavalry helmets with visor-masks were illustrated from Newstead and Ribchester; but these masks are all in one piece, and represent a complete human face. The visor-mask of the Worthing helmet is in two parts, the inner mask being detachable; of this type we have otherwise only one very fragmentary possible instance from Britain, although several parallels are known from the Continent. The most complete example is a silver-plated bronze helmet from Pfondorf, in Würtemberg (Stuttgart Museum) (Fig. 2), where both the inner and outer masks survive, the former being attached to the latter by means of a hook. Above the brows is a spread eagle flanked by eagle-wings and the head bears wavy hair. A white-metal plated bronze helmet from Hedderheim, in Hesse (Frankfurt-am-Main Museum), dated to the late second century A.D., is thought not to have had an inner mask, since there is no attachment for the latter, although there too an inner mask may once have been soldered in. Its outer mask has conventional curls on the brow and cheeks and a Medusa head on the chin. In general design the closest parallel to the Worthing discovery is a bronze mask from Rodez, near Toulouse (Rodez Museum), where one cheek bears a bust of Hercules, the other a bust of Mars. The delicate character and elaborate design of helmets such as that from Worthing show that they were designed not for warfare, but for cavalry sports or sham-fights, not unlike a modern military tattoo. The classical author Arrian, writing about A.D. 136 (*Ars Tactica*, 32 ff.), also makes this plain (see *Journal of Roman Studies*, 1948, 24).

Photographs as follows: Fig. 1 by "Eastern Daily Press," Norwich; Fig. 2 supplied by Dr. J. C. M. Toynbee; Figs. 3 and 4 by A. E. Coe and Sons, Ltd.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



MR. A. WEDGWOOD BENN.

Retained the seat for Labour in the by-election at South-East Bristol on November 30, caused by the resignation of Sir Stafford Cripps. Mr. Benn, aged twenty-five, is son and heir of Lord Stansgate. He polled 19,367 votes, a majority of 7349 over his Conservative opponent in a three-cornered fight.



MR. JAMES BRAID.

Died on November 27, aged eighty. One of the greatest golfers of all time, he won the Open Championship five times. In 1893 he came to London as a club-maker. In 1896 he was appointed to the Romford Club, and in 1904 he began the association with Walton Heath which lasted until his death.



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF GYANENDRA BIR BIKRAM SHAH AS KING OF NEPAL: THE HEREDITARY PRIME MINISTER SALUTING THE CHILD.



ENTHRONED AS KING OF NEPAL ON NOVEMBER 7: GYANENDRA BIR BIKRAM SHAH.

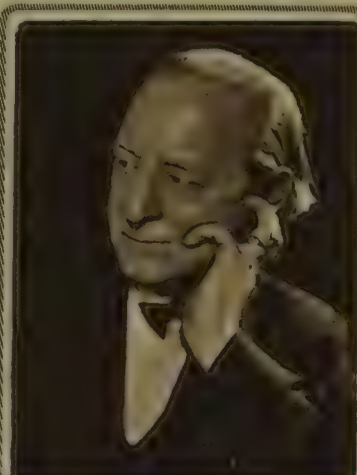
The enthronement of Gyanendra Bir Bikram Shah, three-year-old grandson of King Tribhuvana of Nepal (who has taken refuge in India), took place at Katmandu on November 7. Mr. Nehru has stated that India has not refused to recognise the boy king, but is carefully considering the Nepalese question.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



SIR NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT.

Died suddenly on December 2, aged sixty-eight. A distinguished Civil Servant, he was Assistant Secretary to the Treasury from 1931 until his retirement in 1942. He was well known for his encouragement of sport and outdoor recreation. He had a long connection with the National Playing Fields Association.



MR. PERCY LANCASTER.

Died recently at Southport at the age of seventy-two. A painter and etcher, he is represented by works in public collections at South Kensington, Los Angeles, Manchester, Hull, and other provincial towns. He was trained as an architect, but later turned to an artistic career and studied at the Southport School of Art.



WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY: DR. FISHER, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (RIGHT), IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

On November 23 scenes of striking ceremonial marked the opening of the general synod of dioceses of Australia, which is held every five years, and is the Parliament of the Church of England in Australia. The Archbishop of Canterbury addressed the synod. Our photograph shows Dr. Fisher with Dr. Mowll, Archbishop of Sydney, in the courtyard of Bishop's Court.



AT THE ROYAL SCOTTISH CORPORATION'S ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL: ROBERT THE BRUCE'S SWORD BORNE IN PROCESSION.

On November 30, St. Andrew's Day, the Royal Scottish Corporation's St. Andrew's Festival dinner was held at Grosvenor House, London. Our photograph shows the Hon. David Bruce, fourteen-year-old son of the Earl and Countess of Elgin, followed into the hall by his parents, as he carries the 5-ft. sword of Robert the Bruce in the dinner procession.



IN GIBRALTAR, WHERE HE OPENED THE FIRST LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ON BEHALF OF THE KING: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (LEFT) WITH GENERAL SIR KENNETH ANDERSON, THE GOVERNOR.

The Duke of Edinburgh made constitutional history on November 23, when he opened Gibraltar's first Legislative Council on behalf of the King. The ceremony took place in the presence of General Sir Kenneth Anderson, the Governor, and all the leading officers, officials and foreign consuls. The day was a public holiday, and huge crowds filled the beflagged streets and assembled in the city's only open square to see the inspection of the guard of honour mounted by the Gibraltar defence force.



AT THE MALTA SADDLE CLUB BALL AT HOTEL PHOENICIA: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH (CENTRE), AFTER HER ARRIVAL ON A VISIT TO THE ISLAND.

Princess Elizabeth arrived in Malta by air on Saturday, November 25, to join her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, who is commanding H.M.S. *Magpie*. During her visit to Malta, Princess Elizabeth is staying at the Villa Guardamangia. It has been announced that Princess Margaret will leave for Malta on December 14 to join her sister. On December 3, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh left by sea for a short visit to Greece.

A STAGE DISPLAY OF PERIOD DRESS: TABLEAUX FROM THE "VISTA OF FASHION."



A COURT DRESS OF 1745-50 IN GOLD, RED AND GREEN BROCADE WITH RED VELVET TRIMMING, WORN BY MISS DOROTHY DICKSON (LEFT), AND A BLUE BROCADE GEORGIAN DAY DRESS WITH QUILTED UNDERSKIRT, WORN BY MISS IRENE WORTH.



A DAY DRESS OF 1840, SHOWING THE TIGHT-FITTING BODICE AND FULL SKIRT, THE DEMURE BONNET TIED WITH SILK STRINGS, AND FRINGED PARASOL; WORN BY MISS HELEN CHERRY FOR THE "VISTA OF FASHION" DISPLAY OF DEC. 5.



A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER OF 1860: MISS SHELACH FRASER IN A FULL-SKIRTED DRESS WITH FRINGED SLEEVES, AND A BONNET, AND LADY SELINA HASTINGS IN A TAFFETA FROCK, WITH WHITE FRILLS HANGING BELOW, AND MITTENS.

The history of fashion through the ages provides not only a record of changing taste and altered standards of beauty, but of social conditions, and is interesting not only from the decorative angle, but as providing a key to the kind of life which men and women led in the more spacious and elegant centuries of the past. Her Majesty the Queen arranged to attend the "Vista of Fashion" parade at the New Theatre on December 5, when well-known actresses promised to appear in a



A FAMILY PARTY OF 1860: MR. PETER GRAY IN MILITARY UNIFORM, MISS MOREA HASTINGS IN A LOOSE COAT AND FULL SKIRT, AND MERLIN HOLLAND IN A TARTAN DRESS AND A GLENGARRY CAP AND LACED BROGUES.

series of tableaux depicting the fashions of bygone years. All the dresses chosen for display at this parade are genuine period costumes lent for the occasion by Mrs. Langley Moore, who is giving them to the new Museum of Costume to be established in London. Dame Edith Evans arranged to appear in Edwardian Court dress and many superb costumes of different periods were selected for display by other well-known actresses.

FIELD MARSHAL ALEXANDER PAPAGOS, with whom I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance in Athens, first saw service, as a lieutenant, against the Turks in the First Balkan War of 1912, then, as a captain, against the Bulgarians, in the Second Balkan War of 1913. He was a major in the First World War, and a lieutenant-colonel in the campaign in Asia Minor which followed on its heels. In 1936 he became Chief of the General Staff and in 1940 Commander-in-Chief, an appointment which he held all through the campaign against the Italians, in which the Germans intervened. He was afterwards arrested and incarcerated in Germany. Some time after his return home he retired, and it appeared that his already long and active career was at an end. However, in the hope that under his leadership matters would go better in the struggle against the Communist rebels, he was recalled at the beginning of last year and again appointed Commander-in-Chief. That position he still holds. The best men have their critics, and Papagos is exceptional for a man of his rank and station in having virtually none. He possesses the unqualified trust of the Army.

Admittedly he had a thick slice of luck on his side, when Yugoslavia, the most dangerous patron of the Greek Communists, ceased for political reasons to be such. Under his leadership, however, the campaigns against the "bandits" were conducted with new skill and enterprise, while the Army was steered clear of politics, always a danger to armed forces in Greece. The men in subordinate commands were for the most part picked by him. In a short trip I met only a few of them, but these included two tried and trusted Corps Commanders, Lieutenant-General Grigoropoulos, commanding the III. Corps at Salonika, and Lieutenant-General Tsakalotis, commanding the I. Corps at Yannina. The staffs are competent. They have unequalled opportunities for acquiring the experience of every type of campaign throughout the world by means of the United States and British Military Missions. In British eyes the most prevalent fault of the Greek staff officer is a tendency to allow a weak link or two to find a place in the chain of his planning, but I do not suppose that there are many armies to-day in which the standard of staff work is higher. The junior officers may have their faults, but they are quick-minded, keen, and interested in the welfare of their men—this last not being a general characteristic of the officer corps of South-east Europe.

The position of military missions which advise and assist in training must always be delicate. It cannot be pretended that there have been no troubles brought about by want of tact or unduly thin skins. It will readily be realised that discretion on both sides is particularly necessary when the nation to which the military mission is accredited becomes involved in war, and I would point out that the "bandit war" was a major war. On the whole, the scheme has worked well. The "bandit war" could not have been fought as it was and probably could not have been carried to a successful conclusion without the equipment supplied first by the British Military Mission and later by the American. Perhaps this is true also of the advice and training which both provided, though here my knowledge is not deep enough to permit me to be positive. What I am sure of is that the plan and the direction were Greek, the work of the Field Marshal and the Greek staffs; in fact, I have some evidence that the Missions were inclined to disapprove of the plan. It is not surprising if Greek susceptibilities were momentarily shocked by suggestions that the Missions "won the war," especially in view of the fact that the Field Marshal, on taking over, insisted that he should have a free hand and should be exempt from outside interference. Yet such suggestions were rare and have had no unhappy after-effects.

Greece emerged from the troubles with the nucleus of a tried and tested Army. It was no more than a nucleus, because demobilisation was rapid. The maximum strength reached, roughly 200,000, began to drop even before the operations were ended and continued to do so until the international crisis caused by the new Communist aggression in Korea made a halt desirable. Without going into detail, which would take up a great deal of space and might be imprudent, I may say that the number of divisions, once eight or nine, according to the method of reckoning, has been reduced, and that there has been a parallel reduction in the establishment of units. Assuming a sound mobilisation scheme and a sufficiency of arms, however, Greece is very well placed where land forces are concerned. She possesses an exceptionally large trained reserve. Her majors and lieutenant-colonels, with some more junior officers, have behind them the experience of both wars, and are as far as possible kept up to date through the agency of the Missions. The allotment of equipment and material must depend on the amount available in the United States and the importance attributed to Greece in the event of war, but the human material for up to twenty divisions could be found, and I believe the new ones would be of considerably higher quality than most divisions created on mobilisation.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. TOURING GREECE AT TOP SPEED—II.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

A large proportion of the Army is at present stationed in the north, and I saw something of it both in Macedonia and in Epirus. Though the country is completely tranquil, quarters are generally rough enough to remind one of camps behind the front where units enjoy a spell of quietude in time of war. However, the great majority of Greeks live what is by our standards a hard life, and the men appear to be content, though like nearly all conscript soldiers they look forward eagerly to returning to their

character and mettle of troops, but as a pointer it proves right far more often than wrong. One cause of dissatisfaction which I heard mentioned was that, in the view of a section of the Army, the treatment of captured or arrested Communists had been too lenient. That is a problem which all countries have to face after a rebellion, and in the solution of which it is desirable to err, if at all, on the side of mercy.

The nightmare of Greek strategists is the want of depth in the territory between the Bulgarian frontier and the Aegean, which renders it practically indefensible against a major Bulgarian offensive. It appears to them, however, that it could be defended if a military alliance with Turkey were in force. The Greeks were disappointed by the refusal to admit Turkey to the Atlantic Pact, and proportionately pleased, as I know from being in Athens at the time, when Turkey and Greece were invited to take part in Mediterranean planning under the auspices of the Pact. This does not amount to membership, but is better than nothing. Greece desires Turkish friendship and is prepared to extend friendship to her, though admittedly her memories of Turkish interpretation of treaties during the Second World War are somewhat discouraging. A firm Turco-Greek military alliance would render both countries secure against Bulgarian aggression, though if Bulgaria were aided by a strong Russian Army the aspect would be different. Such an alliance might even influence Bulgaria's status as a satellite.

Greeks become cooler when they turn from Turkey to discuss Yugoslavia, though the latter is their historic ally, whereas the former is not. They realise how valuable to them was Yugoslavia's action in ceasing to provide aid for the Greek Communists. They would be glad to see a resumption of full diplomatic relations, the reopening of the railway on the frontier, the use by Yugoslavia of Salonika as a free port, and perhaps other links between the two countries. Yet they are a trifle suspicious. They wonder

whether if Marshal Stalin were even now to whistle to Marshal Tito—the probability of which I need not discuss—the latter would respond. They were angered by a speech made by the Yugoslav Foreign Minister in which he spoke of his country's interest in "Slav minorities" in Greek Macedonia, and they believed it to have been carefully thought out.

They cannot forgive the abduction of Greek children and the evasive replies to demands for their return. M. Tsaldaris, the most powerful of Greek politicians, has for some time preached the doctrine that understanding with Turkey should precede settlement with Yugoslavia, and that the achievement of the former would help to bring the latter about.

Even participation in planning under the Atlantic Treaty must to some extent bring Greece into closer contact with Italy than has been the case since Mussolini launched his criminal attack exactly ten years ago, and took a hiding for his pains. There memories are bitter, less so, perhaps, than in the case of the detested Bulgaria, but more so than in that of Germany. Officers told me that the transfer from an Italian to a German prisoners of war camp was a change for the better. Yet the Greeks would probably be content to let bygones be bygones and leave the crimes of the war to the account of Fascism if they could be certain that no future Italian régime would repeat the sinister game played by Italian hands over a long period of time beyond the Adriatic and Ionian Seas. In other words, no real friendship with Italy is possible without a firm guarantee that, should Russian influence in Albania fade out, Italy will not seek to re-establish control over that country. Since memories are short, I may point out that the Fascist conquest of Albania did not represent Italy's first interference there, though previously it had been less brutal and forcible.

I have written to-day of Greece largely in terms of military strength, but I conclude by glancing back to the first of these two articles and reaffirming that the primary need as well as the desire of the country is peace. Greece is indeed in a stronger military position than she has known in modern times, but her economic situation is precarious, and is rendered more so than it ought to be by the uncertainties and brevity of Greek political combinations. Confidence in the drachma is not re-established. The cruel wounds of war, moral as well as physical, are still not fully healed.

If the country is now freed from strife, it nevertheless has to face hard living—and in the worst-damaged districts actual suffering—for some time to come. Nothing can make it a rich land. The standard of living can be improved, but there are three main requisites: a continuance of the aid which the United States has given generously; a greater measure of unity than has been customary in Greek politics; and a fair share of the blessings of peace, whereof, since the year 1912, Greece has had far less than the average share.



ONE OF FIELD MARSHAL PAPAGOS'S TRIED AND TRUSTED CORPS COMMANDERS: LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRIGOROPOULOS, COMMANDING III. CORPS AT SALONIKA, WITH CAPTAIN CYRIL FALLS (RIGHT), WHO CONTINUES ON THIS PAGE HIS IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT VISIT TO GREECE.

In our issue of November 25, we gave the first of two articles by Captain Cyril Falls recording his impressions of a recent visit to Greece. In this second article he deals mainly with Greek military strength, and concludes that the primary need as well as the desire of the country is peace.



POSSESSING THE UNQUALIFIED TRUST OF THE GREEK ARMY, OF WHICH HE IS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: FIELD MARSHAL ALEXANDER PAPAGOS, WHOM CAPTAIN FALLS STATES IS EXCEPTIONAL FOR A MAN OF HIS RANK AND STATION IN HAVING VIRTUALLY NO CRITICS.

homes. Efforts are made to encourage the playing of games, but the land is against those which require space. Round Yannina, for example, which lies in a plain amid mountains of bare rock, there are few stretches of level ground big enough for a football pitch, and those which exist are naturally valuable for agriculture. The troops make an excellent impression on the observer. They look smart in their summer uniforms—which they change for wool before the end of October—and they have in their bearing that indefinable quality suggesting high morale. Appearance is not an infallible guide to the

U.S. TROOPS ON THE MANCHURIAN BORDER: THE PEAK OF THE U.N. OFFENSIVE.



AT THE PEAK OF THE U.N. OFFENSIVE IN KOREA: MEN OF THE U.S. 7TH DIVISION NEARING THE BORDER TOWN OF HYESANJIN, ON THE YALU RIVER.



WITH MANCHURIAN HILLS IN THE BACKGROUND: TANKS OF THE U.S. 7TH DIVISION DEPLOYING IN SNOW-COVERED FIELDS OUTSIDE HYESANJIN, WITH A COVERING AIRCRAFT OVERHEAD.

In a speech at Wingate, County Durham, on December 3, Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Defence, referred to the position in Korea as "very grim indeed," and said: "At the moment it would appear that General MacArthur went beyond the objectives which we understood to be the objectives at the beginning of the affair, and that as a result we went up to near the Manchurian border, where there was a very large force of Chinese." The question as to whether U.N. forces should have crossed

the 38th Parallel is controversial, for even if they had not done so they would have been left to guard an arbitrary frontier line while the North Koreans regrouped undisturbed north of it, possibly with Chinese assistance. On December 1 General MacArthur stated that all his operations were reported to and approved by Washington and the United Nations before they were launched. His lack of authority to cross the border kept him from preventing the forward movement of Chinese troops.

THE CHANGED SITUATION IN KOREA: U.N. ATTACK AND CHINESE COUNTER-ATTACK.



ANOTHER ADDITION TO THE POLYGLOT ARMIES OF THE UNITED NATIONS IN KOREA: A DETACHMENT OF SIAMESE TROOPS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN THE U.S. 60-MM. MORTAR.



SOLDIERS OF THE TURKISH BRIGADE CLEANING THEIR WEAPONS FOR ACTION: THEY WERE IN ACTION IN LATE NOVEMBER, DISTINGUISHING THEMSELVES NEAR KUNU.



A CLOSE-UP MAP OF THE KOREAN WAR FRONT, AS AT DECEMBER 2: COMPARE WITH THAT, RIGHT, SHOWING THE U.N. OFFENSIVE POSITIONS ABOUT NOVEMBER 28.



THE KOREAN SITUATION WHEN THE RED CHINESE ARMIES ENTERED IN FORCE AND BROKE GENERAL MACARTHUR'S GENERAL OFFENSIVE.



THE FARTHEST POINT OF THE U.N. ADVANCE: TROOPS OF THE U.S. 7TH DIVISION PLANTING THE U.S. FLAG ON THE BANKS OF THE YALU.



AN ODD FEATURE OF THE EARLY CHINESE INTERVENTION: HAPPY U.S. PRISONERS, WHO HAD BEEN RELEASED BY THE CHINESE TROOPS, HERE POSING FOR A PHOTOGRAPHER.

Although Chinese troops were operating in Korea in early November, there was a tendency to believe that this intervention was limited and perhaps confined to the protection of hydro-electric installations and the like which might be said to concern Manchuria. These first Chinese troops were said to be fighting well but without apparent animosity; they were treating their prisoners well, giving wounded excellent

medical care and making no effort to stop them returning to their own lines if they wished. Intelligence officers reported, however, that there was large-scale massing on the Manchurian border; and on November 28 General MacArthur reported that there were 200,000 Chinese in action and this huge number broke the U.N. general offensive; and by December 4 500,000 Chinese were reported involved in Korea.

ASPECTS OF THE U.N. RETREAT IN KOREA: BITTER FRUITS OF THE WINTER OFFENSIVE.



(ABOVE.) THE RETREAT IN KOREA: A BRITISH *CENTURION* TANK LEADING A COLUMN OF U.S. 2ND DIVISION TRANSPORT DURING THE WITHDRAWAL TO PYONGYANG.

ON December 4 United Nations forces were withdrawing south of the North Korean capital, Pyongyang, with Chinese Communist columns only 20 miles away to the north-east. The Commander of the U.S. 8th Army had issued orders for the destruction of anything in the city that might be of military value to the enemy and the shopkeepers were boarding-up their windows. The U.S. 17th Regimental combat team, which had established a foothold along ten miles of the south bank of the Yalu River at the peak of the United Nations offensive, was given orders to withdraw and it was feared that the Hamhung-Hungnam sector might be attacked in force. Meanwhile, in spite of the wintry weather and falling snow, B-29 Superfortresses have been striking at enemy concentrations and supply points in an effort to slow down the Chinese counter-attack.

(RIGHT.) ENGAGING COMMUNISTS DUG IN ON A HILLSIDE: A ROCKET TEAM OF THE U.S. MARINES IN ACTION; SHOWING THE ROCKET IN FLIGHT (TOP, LEFT).



OUTNUMBERED BY THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS: MEN OF THE U.S. 24TH DIVISION WITHDRAWING ALONG THE CHONGJU-PAKCHON HIGHWAY AFTER FIGHTING DESPERATE REARGUARD ACTIONS.



IN RETREAT: SOUTH KOREAN TROOPS RETIRING ALONG THE RAILWAY TRACKS NORTH OF KUNU AFTER THE U.N. OFFENSIVE HAD BEEN HALTED BY CHINESE COMMUNISTS.



HEAVILY CLOTHED AS PROTECTION AGAINST THE INTENSE COLD: U.N. TROOPS RIDING ON A TRUCK IN THE WITHDRAWAL NORTH OF PYONGYANG.



PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE: MEN OF THE U.S. 24th INFANTRY DIVISION GATHERED FOR A SERVICE IN THE FIELD IN KOREA BEFORE THE U.N. OFFENSIVE WAS LAUNCHED ON NOVEMBER 24.

The photograph reproduced on these pages was taken just before United Nations forces launched their big offensive in Korea on November 24, which was intended to bring the war to a swift end. In preparation for the assault, *Superfortresses*

dropped over 3,000,000 fire-bombs on ground-support targets, but left untouched Communist supply centres over the Korean-Manchurian border. The U.S. 24th Infantry Division took part in the advance, and by nightfall was within a mile

or two of Chongju, a gain of eight miles. On November 26 it was reported that the offensive had been checked at several points, and on the following day the 24th Infantry Division was forced to withdraw from Chongju and the collapse

of the South Korean II. Corps led to a serious situation. On November 28 General MacArthur reported to the United Nations that their forces were facing "an entirely new war" and since then U.N. forces have fallen back all along the line.



THE UNITED STATES ACCUSES RED CHINA OF "AGGRESSION, OPEN AND NOTORIOUS": THE SCENE AT THE SECURITY COUNCIL ON NOVEMBER 28. MR. WARREN AUSTIN (U.S.) SPEAKING, EXTREME RIGHT, CENTRE; LEFTWARDS FROM HIM: SIR GLADWYN JEBB (U.K.), MR. MALIK (U.S.S.R.), MR. ENGEN (NORWAY), SIR BENEGAL RAU (INDIA) AND GENERAL WU HSIU-CHUAN (LEADER OF THE RED CHINESE DELEGATION).

THE KOREA CRISIS AND CHINESE INTERVENTION: PERSONALITIES OF THE FAR EAST EMERGENCY.



MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNIST CHINESE DELEGATION FROM PEKING AT LAKE SUCCESS: (L. TO R.) PU SHEN; KUNG PU SHENG; CHIAO KUAN HUA, ADVISER; AND GENERAL WU HSIU-CHUAN, LEADER OF THE PARTY.



GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL (LEFT), U.S. DEFENCE SECRETARY, AND MR. DEAN ACHESON, SECRETARY OF STATE, LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE AFTER THE NOVEMBER 28 CONFERENCE WHICH MR. TRUMAN HELD WITH HIS POLITICAL AND MILITARY ADVISERS.



LEADERS OF THE U.S. ARMED FORCES ARRIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE FOR PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S CONFERENCE ON THE KOREA CRISIS: (L. TO R.) GENERAL BRADLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF; ADMIRAL SHERMAN, CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS; AND GENERAL COLLINS, ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF.



MR. EMMANUEL SHINWELL, M.P., MINISTER OF DEFENCE.



AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR JOHN SLESSOR, CHIEF OF AIR STAFF.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD FRASER, FIRST SEA LORD.

On November 30, following consultations with political and Services chiefs (some of whom are seen arriving at Downing Street), Mr. Attlee announced that he was going to Washington to discuss world problems with Mr. Truman. He left by air on December 3, his advisers including Field Marshal Sir William Slim and Sir Edwin Plowden.

On November 27, the Security Council of the United Nations was concerned with the debate on Formosa, and the delegation of Chinese Communist delegates, headed by General Wu, arrived at Lake Success. The following day came General MacArthur's communiqué concerning the intervention of 200,000 Chinese troops in Korea and the opening of "an entirely new war"; and on that same day (November 28) President Truman summoned his political and military chiefs to the White House for consultations on the crisis, while at Lake Success, Mr. Warren Austin, the U.S. representative on the

Security Council, accused Red China of "aggression, open and notorious." On November 29, President Truman, in a Press conference, said, in answer to a question, that the United States would, if necessary, use "every weapon we have." On November 30, Mr. Attlee announced, after a conference with his political and military chiefs, that Mr. Truman had agreed to his proposal that they should meet in Washington in order that they might "in an intimate way take a wide survey of the problems which face us to-day." Mr. Attlee left London on December 3.



ANGLO-AMERICAN TALKS ON THE HIGHEST LEVEL : MR. CLEMENT ATTLEE, THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER, WHO FLEW TO AMERICA ON DECEMBER 3 TO SEE PRESIDENT TRUMAN.

On December 1 the Prime Minister announced to the Commons that he had proposed to President Truman that he should visit him "in order that we might in an intimate way take a wide survey of the problems which face us to-day," a statement received most enthusiastically on both sides of the House. He left London Airport on the evening of December 3 in a B.O.A.C. stratocruiser and was due to reach Washington on December 4. His first talk with Mr. Truman was expected to take place on December 5, and it was announced that, on the invitation of the Canadian Prime Minister, he had arranged to visit Ottawa before returning to London.

Mr. Attlee was accompanied by a party of seventeen, headed by Field Marshal Sir William Slim, C.I.G.S. He had had important talks on December 2 with the French Prime Minister and the French Foreign Minister, who came to London in order to see him before he left for America. As he entered the aircraft at London Airport Mr. Attlee stressed that the talks would not be an international conference, but an exchange of views. He said: "I want to survey the whole scene, as it is now and as it may be in the future," and in reply to a question, said: "I am always soberly optimistic about everything." [*Portrait Study by Baron.*]

NEWS FROM EUROPE: TOPICAL EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



LOOKING LIKE A MOUND OF SMOULDERING COKE: THE LAVA STREAM FROM MOUNT ETNA, WHICH HAS BEEN IN ERUPTION SINCE NOVEMBER 25.



GATHERED TO WATCH THE ONCOMING STREAM OF LAVA AS IT CREEPS FORWARD TOWARDS THEIR HOMES: INHABITANTS OF THE THREATENED VILLAGE OF MILO.

On the night of November 25 Mount Etna, which had been quiescent since last December, once more began erupting. Three villages, Fornazzo, Milo and Zafferana Etnea, were threatened by a flood of lava which burst from three craters on the eastern slopes of the volcano. Twenty-four hours of quiet, following several days of activity, ended on December 2, when the volcano again erupted. A new crater opened up and fresh lava fell upon the old. Mount Etna, in Sicily, is Europe's most active volcano.



COMPLETED AND READY TO BE ERECTED ON TOP OF THE SPIRE: THE NEW CROSS FOR SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

The new cross for Salisbury Cathedral has now been completed and will be fixed to the top of the 400-ft. spire after the present repairs have been carried out. The cross is 9 ft. 9 ins. high and is made of copper and bronze. On December 3 the Very Rev. H. C. Robins, Dean of Salisbury, dedicated the new cross. An appeal for £100,000 to rebuild the top of the spire was launched last April.



AT NORTHOLT: M. PLEVEN, THE FRENCH PREMIER (LEFT) AND M. SCHUMAN (CENTRE), WITH M. MASSIGLI.

M. Plevin, the French Prime Minister, and M. Robert Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, flew to London on December 2 for talks with Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin at 10, Downing Street. They spent the greater part of the day in conference, and it was announced that a complete understanding "on the objectives of the two Governments in the present international situation" was reached.



WHERE WHITTINGTON HEARD THE BELLS CALLING HIM TO "TURN AGAIN": THE WHITTINGTON STONE.

The Whittington Stone, dating from 1821 and replacing an earlier flat stone, which stands at the foot of Highgate Hill, London, has recently been re-set on a firmer base, and the surmounting ironwork renewed, by a brewery company. It marks the legendary resting-place of Dick Whittington, where he is said to have heard the bells calling to him to "turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London."



THE FIRST GREEK CHILDREN TO BE RETURNED FROM YUGOSLAVIA TO GREECE: THE TWENTY-ONE CHILDREN BEING MET BY GREEK NURSES AT A GREEK FRONTIER VILLAGE.

On November 25 began the return from Yugoslavia of Greek children who had been taken into that country by Communist rebels. The total number taken out of Greece to all Balkan countries is estimated at 20,000. The first batch to be returned numbered twenty-one.



BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD: AN ALL-STEEL SKI-JUMP AT GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN, GERMANY.

An all-steel ski-jump was opened on November 28 at the famous German winter-sports centre of Garmisch-Partenkirchen. The 125-ft. tower has a slide climbing 115 yards long. There is a lift inside the tower for those who shun the 310 steps.

MAN AND NATURE: INVENTION, CEREMONIAL, LOSS AND DISCOVERY.



THE LAYING UP OF THE KING'S COLOURS BELONGING TO SOME OF THE OLDEST UNITS OF THE INDIAN ARMED FORCES AT THE NATIONAL DEFENCE ACADEMY, DEHRA DUN. On November 23, the King's Colours of thirty-five battalions of the Indian Army and the King's Colour of the Indian Navy were laid up at the National Defence Academy. Sardar Baldev Singh, the Defence Minister, presided, and the ceremony was attended by the C-in-C., General Cariappa. Sir Archibald Nye, United Kingdom High Commissioner, took the Royal Salute.



THROWN INTO STRIKING RELIEF BY THE POWERFUL LIGHTS USED BY THE WORKMEN: THE GIRDERS SUPPORTING THE LIGHT ALLOY CURVED ROOF OF THE DOME OF DISCOVERY. Londoners may now see the exterior of the Dome of Discovery on South Bank, site of the Festival of Britain. This photograph depicts an interior view of the building, which is of considerable engineering interest, showing the intricate pattern formed by the girders.



PITTSBURG AFTER THE SNOWSTORM OF NOVEMBER 25, WITH CARS COMPLETELY BURIED.

Communications and public services in Pittsburg, Cleveland and other industrial districts in Ohio, United States of America, were completely disorganised by a heavy snowstorm on November 25. Cars were buried and had to be abandoned in the streets, and trams were immobilised. The snowfall in Pittsburg was 23 ins.



KILLED AT HURST PARK ON DECEMBER 2: MONAVEEN, THE 'CHASER OWNED BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH. Monaveen, the steeplechaser owned jointly by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, had the bad luck to break a leg when running in the Queen Elizabeth Steeplechase at Hurst Park, and had to be destroyed. The Queen was present, and Princess Elizabeth was informed by telegram. Monaveen, who won four steeplechases last season, was fifth in the Grand National. General sympathy is felt for the Royal owners.



HOW WINTER TRAVELLERS WILL ENJOY COMFORT WHILE WAITING—IN BRUSSELS: A CENTRALLY HEATED PLATFORM.

The discomfort of waiting on a chilly railway station platform will in future be alleviated for winter travellers—in Brussels—for in future the Central railway station there will be provided with a central heating installation under the platform, covered with a thin layer of cement, guaranteed to prevent the feet growing chilly.



CELEBRATING THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS CORONATION AS EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA: HAILE SELASSIE MAKING A SPEECH FROM THE THRONE BEFORE THE ETHIOPIAN PARLIAMENT. Haile Selassie I. (b. 1891) was crowned King (Negus) of Ethiopia on October 2, 1928, proclaimed Emperor after the death of the Empress Zaudito, April 2, 1930, and crowned Emperor on November 2, 1930. During the celebrations to mark the anniversary of the coronation, he, according to custom, made a speech from the throne. The Prime Minister, Bitwoodded Makonnen Endalkatchew, is in the centre below the throne.



A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY ON THE SEASHORE AT JERSEY: A LIVE TURTLE FOUND BY A GATHERER OF SEAWEED, AND BELIEVED TO BE A HAWKSBILL TURTLE.

When gathering seaweed on the shore at Jersey, Mr. J. P. Le Tourneur, of Grouville, to his great surprise, recently found a live turtle. The creature, believed to be a Hawksbill turtle, smallest species and source of the true tortoiseshell, has since been offered to the London Zoo. Turtles are seldom found off the British coast, as they usually inhabit only warm seas.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ONCE upon a long time ago I had the good fortune to find—and buy—in an old bookshop, the first fifteen volumes of Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*. They cost me one-and-

A FEW CAPE PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

One autumn I rather unwisely went through my few volumes of the "Bot. Mag." and then consulted a Continental bulb catalogue which listed a great selection

sixpence per volume. And now, know all men, that if any one should find his bookshelves cluttered and burdened with the 150 or so remaining volumes of the "Bot. Mag.", I would be enchanted to relieve him of them at the same price! Those few early volumes (the magazine was founded in 1787 and is still being published) give me immense pleasure every time I look at the exquisite illustrations of the plants that were being grown in those days. A large proportion of them were Cape plants. Cape heaths with tubular or bell-shaped flowers; white, pink, scarlet, waxy, emerald-green or amber. Another race of Cape shrubs, the Proteas, were grown in those days, and are illustrated by Curtis. Their flower-heads were in the manner of globe artichokes, with the scales, or bracts, clothed in silver or shell-pink silk, and edged or tufted in some species with black or chestnut fur, as soft and short and velvety as a bat's fur. Then there were all the Cape bulbs: Ixias, Sparaxis, Tritonias, Babianas, Freezias, Watsonias, Lachenalias, and innumerable species of Gladioli. Some of these delights are still grown, but not in the profusion and the variety of a hundred, or even fifty, years ago. A few of them are hardy in the open air in this country, but the majority require glass protection, and just enough artificial heat to exclude frost. And to-day, when such luxury houses are maintained, the general tendency seems to be to devote them to carnations and chrysanthemums. With all respect and gratitude to trusty, long-lasting carnations and chrysanthemums, they seem to me somewhat lumpish things compared with the best Cape bulbs and shrubs. If you don't believe me, turn up the early volumes of the "Bot. Mag."

The Ixias are, in my experience, borderland bulbs. I have grown and flowered them—for a time—in the open air, planted in light loam in a narrow bed at the foot of a south wall. That was in Hertfordshire. In warmer parts of the country they are well worth trying in this way. The bulbs are not difficult to obtain, nor are they outlandishly expensive. They are excellent for cutting, with their long wiry stems, and heads of gay, long-lasting flowers, gold, pink, crimson, white, and the astonishing *Ixia viridiflora*, with flowers of a strange, lurid green. The so-called peacock Iris, *Moræa pavonia*, is easy to grow in pots, with glass protection, and is one of the most exquisite flowers in all creation. With narrow, grassy leaves, and slender, wiry stems 12 ins. or 18 ins. high, it produces from a sort of terminal sheath a succession of iris-like flowers, each with three large, round petals of delicate white satin. At the base of each petal is a bold blue peacock-eye of jewel-like beauty and brilliance. These flowers only last a single day, but a number of them appear in succession from each sheath. One of the most enchanting events of the horticultural year is an exhibit each spring at the R.H.S. of "Peacock Irises," of which there are a number of distinct species or varieties. Some have purple petals and some are pale-buff, delicate biscuit or soft orange. All of them have the same wonderful peacock-eye.

One or two of the Cape heaths are to-day grown commercially as pot specimens and sold in florists' shops. But few amateur gardeners have the skill or the necessary cool greenhouse to grow them on to flower a second year. Fifty and sixty years ago there was much competition between skilful head gardeners, who grew Cape heaths as huge pot specimens. I once enjoyed an orgy of Cape bulbs. I had at the time a fairly spacious greenhouse with provision for the exclusion of frost.



THE KAFFIR LILY, *SCHIZOSTYLIS COCCINEA*, WITH ITS "TAPERED SPIRES OF BRIGHT, SOFT-RED BLOSSOMS, RATHER LIKE SMALL GLADIOLI, BUT MORE REGULAR IN OUTLINE." [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]



ONE OF THE LOVELIEST HARDY CAPE BULBS AND ONE WHICH IS STEADILY ESTABLISHING ITSELF IN GENERAL FAVOUR: *SPARAXIS PULCHERRIMA* THE WAND-FLOWER, WHICH, SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, RIDES HAPPILY THROUGH GALES OF WIND. [Photograph by D. F. Merrett.]

"WITH BEST WISHES"

Now indeed is the time to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada £5; Elsewhere abroad £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

of Ixias and the rest. I lost my head and ordered a dozen bulbs of practically every species and variety of every Ixia, Sparaxis, Tritonia and Babiana in the catalogue, and

potted them up in 5-in. pots. The following spring, and for several springs—until I moved house—I had a truly wonderful display of blossom. To-day, alas, such little pleasures and experiments are not so easy. It's hard enough to exclude frost from one's dwelling-rooms, let alone from a greenhouse.

Fortunately, however, and rather surprisingly, there are a number of Cape plants which are perfectly hardy, even in the colder parts of Britain. One of the very best of them is the Kaffir Lily, *Schizostylis coccinea*. In habit of growth and in general appearance it is somewhere between a Montbretia and Gladiolus. It has the small flowering corm of a Montbretia, from which radiate many twitch-like growths which form fresh corms to flower next year. In autumn the flower-spikes push up, and at a height of 18 ins. or so there is a tapered spire of bright, soft-red blossoms, rather like small gladioli, but more regular in outline, and with rounder petals. A good bed of Kaffir Lilies will carry on flowering in the most industrious way from middle or late September, until—very often—Christmas, and it's quite astonishing what a lot of frost and dirty weather they will stand up to. *Schizostylis* is an invaluable plant for cutting for the house, especially coming so late in the year, and it lasts well in water. I first met the Kaffir Lily about fifty years ago, a fine bed of it on the north side of a high hedge backed by trees at Backhouse's nursery in York. I saw it, too, flowering profusely in November, in a garden high above Ilkley, on the very edge of the moors.

The Kaffir Lily does not seem to be fussy as to soil. Good normal loam contents it, but with a very poor, sandy, or stiff clayey soil, it would be wise to dig in a good helping of leaf mould or peat. To have it in absolute perfection, especially at the very end of its unwise season of flowering, corms may be

planted during summer in pans or large pots, kept well watered in a shady position in the open until autumn, and then placed under glass, either in a cold frame or an unheated greenhouse. Another way would be to plant it out as a bed in a deep cold frame with plenty of head-room. The frame light should be kept off as late in autumn as possible, say November, and the plants should be given plenty of air and ventilation. The plant increases so rapidly that it is wise to lift, divide and replant every few years, at the same time lightly manuring the ground. Otherwise the bed will become a congested tangle of starving roots, and the quantity and quality of the flower-spikes will suffer.

There are two varieties of Kaffir Lily in cultivation: *Schizostylis coccinea* "Mrs. Hegarty," which has clear, rose-pink flowers in place of the normal red; and the more recent form, "Viscountess Byng," which is the same lovely pink as "Mrs. Hegarty" but with a stronger habit of growth, and taller. It is surprising that such an easily-grown plant as the Kaffir Lily, hardy, and flowering when

it does, is to be seen in so few gardens. It is surprising, too, that plant breeders have not produced more forms and varieties of it.

I see by the invaluable Willis's "Flowering Plants and Ferns" that there are two species of *Schizostylis*, but I have never seen the other species, and have no idea what it is like. A second species might be helpful to the hybridist. And why, I wonder, has a white-flowered variety of *S. coccinea* never made its appearance? Perhaps it has. If so, I would be glad to make its acquaintance.

IN PARIS ON AN OFFICIAL VISIT: THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.



THE ROYAL VISITORS AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEREMONY AT WHICH KING FREDERIK LAID A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.



AT THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION AT THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE: QUEEN INGRID AND KING FREDERIK ARE GREETING SIR OLIVER HARVEY, BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN PARIS.



IN THE PRESIDENTIAL BOX AT THE OPERA HOUSE: THE PRESIDENT, QUEEN INGRID, KING FREDERIK AND MME. AURIOL (L. TO R.) BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE ON NOVEMBER 29.

The King and Queen of Denmark paid an official visit to Paris on the invitation of the President of the Republic from November 28 to December 1. They were met at the Bois de Boulogne station by the President and Mme. Auriol and members of the Government, the presidents of the two Assemblies, and other prominent people, and in spite of the inclement weather, large crowds assembled to cheer them as they drove to the Élysée Palace. King Frederik invested President Auriol with the Order



LEAVING THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE AFTER THE SPECIAL PERFORMANCE OF BERLIOZ'S "DAMNATION DE FAUST": H.M. QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK AND MME. AURIOL (RIGHT).

of the Elephant of Denmark, and in the evening there was a dinner and reception at the Élysée Palace. A ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe, visits to Versailles, the Trianons and Rambouillet; and to the Opera House to hear a special performance of Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," were among the events of the four days; and there was an exchange of gifts between the Royal visitors and their hosts. Presents were also exchanged for the royal Princesses and M. Auriol's grandsons.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PORCUPINES OF EAST AND WEST.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

It seems, on the face of it, absurd that we should not accept hedgehogs and porcupines as cousins. At least to the untutored eye they have much in common, and no doubt we all have, at some time or other, thought along these lines. No doubt to all of us, also, has come that mild surprise to learn that the one, the hedgehog, is a member of the Insectivora, and the other, the porcupine, is classed with the rats and squirrels in the order Rodentia. There is probably little need at this point to recall that tinge of pleasure accompanying the mild surprise that arises from the acquisition of yet one more fragment of knowledge, however seemingly unimportant it may appear.

Perhaps the knowledge is not so unimportant, for surely this example epitomises that long series, usually included under the prosaic title of convergent evolution, in which animals of similar habit and outward appearance can be shown to have different genealogies—lines of descent, it is usual to call them. But if there is any surprise in learning that the hedgehog and porcupine are not related, how much more surprising is it to learn that the porcupines of the world belong to two distinct families, and that the two families have had different origins.

The common or crested porcupine (*Hystrix cristata*) is found in Southern Europe and North Africa; and down across the African continent, through East to South Africa are found several related species. Generally speaking, the species of *Hystrix* are thick-set, with blunt heads and short tails, powerful feet and

Borneo. There is none in Madagascar or Australia. Most belong to the genus *Hystrix*, and the Indian porcupine (*H. leucura*) is the largest, being up to 3½ ft. long and weighing 25 to 40 lb. Some of the Asiatic porcupines are, however, not only considerably smaller, but are somewhat un-porcupine-like. For

Erethizontidae begin to present us with doubts on the justice of this easy classification. The arboreal habit seen in the Canadian porcupine has become more pronounced, and linked with this we find the hind-foot bearing a broad, fleshy pad, a sort of false-thumb, opposable to the four toes and capable of being used for gripping. Further, the tail is prehensile, and in many species there are at the base of the tail a number of stiff bristles which can, like the tail-feathers of a woodpecker, be driven against the smooth tree-trunks to assist their owner in climbing.

We have, then, a picture of two groups of animals, both called porcupines, the one distributed over parts of the Old World, the other over most of the New World. They are widely separated geographically, and each has, so far as the external form is concerned, a common tendency to develop spines or quills among its bristly coat. Each group shows a diversity of form so far as its component species are concerned. Those whose task it is to classify them must look for stable characters upon which this can be done. The teeth

provide such characters; they are typical of the rodents, both upper and lower jaws containing a pair of chisel-like incisors and flat-crowned cheek-teeth on either side, with a wide gap between the incisors and the cheek-teeth. Then why must the two groups represent separate families? The clue lies in the characters of the skulls, which are markedly different.



THE SKULLS OF THE CRESTED PORCUPINE AND THE CANADIAN PORCUPINE COMPARED: (A) THE SKULL OF THE CRESTED PORCUPINE SEEN FROM ABOVE; (B) THE SAME, SEEN FROM THE SIDE, SHOWING THE TYPICAL RODENT TEETH; (C) THE SKULL OF THE CANADIAN PORCUPINE SEEN FROM ABOVE; (D) THE SAME, SEEN FROM THE SIDE. [Photographs by Neave Parker.]

example, *Trichys lipura*, of Borneo, is without true quills and has only short, flat and weak spines, and the tail is long, with a terminal brush of bristles. Indeed, at first sight, quite unfitted to be included as a porcupine, and doubtless would not be but that all gradations exist between it and the Indian and Crested porcupines. In the Brush-tailed porcupine (*Atherurus macrourus*) of Malaya, to give but one example, the spines on the body are longer, and the tail is shorter and more spiny, though it still has the terminal cluster of bristles. The African Brush-tailed porcupine (*A. africanus*), the size of a rabbit and living in the tropical forests, has a few definite quills mixed with the flattened, spiny bristles. And so we could go on.

The counterpart of the family Hystricidae, of the Old World, is seen in the family Erethizontidae of the New World. The Canadian porcupine (*Erethizon dorsatum*) is, again, up to 3½ ft. long, and weighs up to 40 lb. It has short, barbed spines, but these are hidden under a long, brownish-black fur sprinkled with long white hairs. The tail is short, stout and

spiny, but—and here again it differs from Hystricidae—the hind-foot has a well-developed great toe, and the animal spends much of its time in the trees. Presumably we may accept without much argument that *E. dorsatum* is sufficiently like the porcupines of Europe and Africa to justify its acceptance as a porcupine proper. Most of the species found in Canada and the U.S.A. are like it—porcupines by a slight stretch of the imagination. From Mexico southwards to Brazil, the members of the family

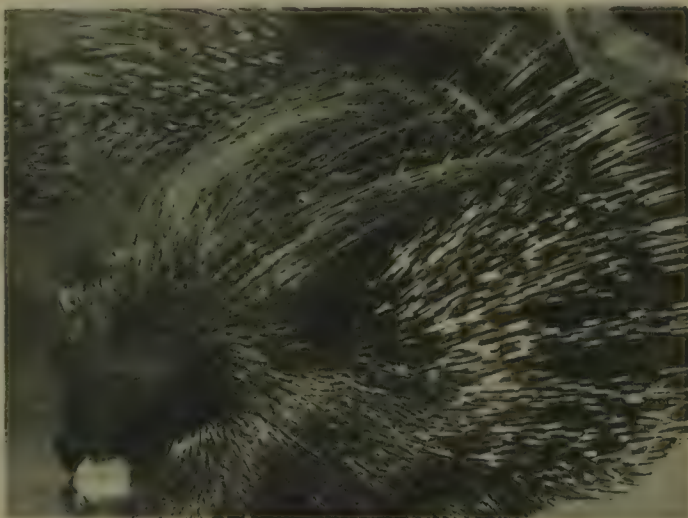


BEARING A SUPERFICIAL RESEMBLANCE TO THE PORCUPINES OF THE OLD WORLD: THE CANADIAN PORCUPINE (*ERETHIZON DORSATUM*), WHICH IS LARGELY ARBOREAL AND HAS ITS SPINES HIDDEN IN ITS FUR.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.

stout claws, and, of course, the typical rodent teeth. The body is concealed under a coat of long bristles, typically with a prominent crest formed by them over the neck and shoulders. The quills are thickest over the hind half of the body and especially on the lower back. Described in this manner, it soon becomes clear that there is, in fact, little in common between *Hystrix* and hedgehog.

The members of the family Hystricidae are found, further, through Southern Asia and Malaya to



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE CANADIAN PORCUPINE: THE CRESTED PORCUPINE (*HYSTRIX CRISTATA*) OF SOUTHERN EUROPE AND NORTH AFRICA; SHOWING THE SPINY COAT RESEMBLING THAT OF A HEDGEHOG. Photograph by Neave Parker.

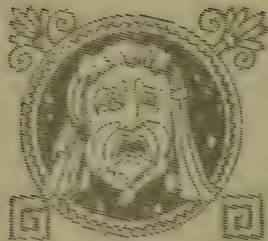
It may be bad zoology to confuse hedgehogs with porcupines, but then, we are not all zoologists. And as between the typical porcupines and those that have no visible spines the differences in superficial appearance are greater than between a hedgehog and its fellow insectivores, the moles and shrews. Fortunately, we have the form and disposition of the teeth to guide us, and this is accepted as final in classifying mammals.



THE HEIR APPARENT TO THE SWEDISH THRONE: CROWN PRINCE CARL GUSTAF AND HIS MOTHER, PRINCESS SYBILLA.

Gustaf V. of Sweden, who died on October 29, 1950, was succeeded by his elder son, now Gustaf VI. Adolf of Sweden. The heir apparent is four-year-old Prince Carl Gustaf, who now bears the title of Crown Prince. He is the grandson of the new King, and is the only son of the late Prince Gustaf Adolf, who was killed in an air accident in 1947, and of Princess Sybilla, a Princess of Saxe-Coburg-and-Gotha.

The young Crown Prince is descended from Queen Victoria on both the paternal and the distaff sides, for his late father was her great-grandson through his maternal grandfather, the first Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, and his mother is her great-granddaughter through her paternal grandfather, the first Duke of Albany. He has four elder sisters.



The World of the Theatre.

WHAT YOU WILL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

AT any revival of "Twelfth Night"—frequent though they are, there are not enough of them for my liking—I bring with me a bristle of anxious question-marks. "Look here," says Dickens's character, "upon my soul you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know." Maybe; but there is much to ask in "Twelfth Night." I found the old questions circling round me in Lilian Baylis's famous and beautifully renovated theatre, the Waterloo Road Old Vic, now back to service at last.

Trivial things, no doubt. I would like to know how Viola, who, as a page, went in the same "fashion, colour, ornament" as her lost brother, managed to get herself so accurately fitted. I would be interested in the true age of Sir Andrew Aguecheek. I wonder

innumerable ways. We have escaped, thank goodness, from the conventional cap-and-bells stencil, the clown likely to observe at any given moment (in the phrase of Gilbert's parody): "I would as lief be thrust through a quicket hedge as cry Pooh to a callow throstle." But for me a Feste should have the queer latent melancholy of a high summer afternoon: I miss this special feeling at the Vic.

Here we are, side-tracked as usual in any discussion of Illyria. "Twelfth Night" is not primarily about Feste. For that matter, it should not be primarily about Toby and Andrew, though the Illyrian knights are the richest company: they have seldom been

funnier than in this revival, with Roger Livesey as a Toby cheerfully in the Upper Fourth and Robert Eddison as a lean and withered Andrew who finds his stay at Olivia's cumulatively embarrassing. Yet he has an abounding resilience. Mr. Eddison has his own views about the "dear manakin's" age: whatever we think of this—and I would put Andrew at, say, thirty-five to forty—we must agree at the Vic that the knight is in good fooling. And Andrew has a queer, twisted pathos when Olivia runs from him before his "No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer."

This production has been called an Illyria of the drolls. Truly they have more than their share. But when I reproduce the revival in the mind, I shall call up first, not the roaring-boy Toby or the human-skeleton



"IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, PLAY ON": FESTE (LEO MCKERN) WITH HIS FLUTE AND ORSINO (ALEC CLUNES; SEATED) IN THE OPENING SCENE OF "TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE FAMOUS AND BEAUTIFULLY-RENOVATED OLD VIC THEATRE IN WATERLOO ROAD.



"GOOD MADAM, LET ME SEE YOUR FACE": VIOLA (PEGGY ASHCROFT) ADDRESSES THE VEILED OLIVIA (URSULA JEANS), AND HER LADIES IN A SCENE FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT," PRODUCED BY HUGH HUNT. MALVOLIO (PAUL ROGERS) IS ON THE RIGHT.

why Olivia's jester happened to be "about the house" in the Duke's palace. I wonder who Fabian can be, the man Malvolio brought out of favour with Olivia "about a bear-baiting." I wonder at the odd Elizabethan sense of humour that could see nothing to jar in the scene of the imprisoned Malvolio. I would like to hear more of that sea-fight when the Duke's nephew Titus lost his leg. And I wonder always why Shakespeare should have imperilled the lovely recognition scene by the exchange: "My father had a mole upon his brow." . . . "And so had mine."

There are other questions, even less to the purpose. Some of these will never be answered. We shall hear nothing more about the Duke's nephew Titus: indeed, there is no reason why we should: he is one of the shadows fated, like Hisperia, Marcus Luccicos, and Valentinus, to stand only on the margin of Shakespearean drama. We shall never know more about Viola's disguise: this is Shakespeare in his what-you-will mood. The prison scene we have to endure, and it is run through as quickly as may be at the Vic.

To our surprise, Hugh Hunt, the inventive director, gives a new answer to the Fabian puzzle. He, too, must have bothered about this man: a fellow who turns up in the fifth scene of the second act, observing (with the baiting of Malvolio in mind): "If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy." Mr. Hunt has now decided—and it speaks for his ingenuity—that Fabian is a potential rival to Feste, the jester. Feste is a "fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in." He is not always around when needed. ("My lady will hang thee for thy absence," says Maria.) We can assume that, being tired of his struggle to keep going in a dull household ("I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal"), he gets away when he can to more appreciative company, no doubt at the Palace. As presented at the Old Vic, where the actor is Leo McKern, Feste is in faded motley. The Fabian (Paul Hansard) is young, spry, forever on Feste's heels. We sense that the older man's fortunes are thinning, and that, in the final business with Malvolio's letter, Olivia's impatient "Read it you, sirrah" to Fabian shows the way things must go. Feste will strive to please us every day, but his day wanes.

It is an idea and it does explain Fabian, though I shall continue to believe obstinately that the fellow is a groom or an undergardener, and that Shakespeare wrote him into the piece in a hurry to make room for a neglected actor. The Vic reading takes something from Feste. The part can be done in



"GAILY AMUSING IF YOU DO NOT CONSIDER THE LIGHTLY FARCICAL GOINGS-ON TOO DEEPLY": "TO DOROTHY, A SON," A SCENE FROM ROGER MACDOUGALL'S FARICAL COMEDY AT THE SAVOY THEATRE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MYRTLE (YOLANDE DONLAN), TONI RIGI (RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH), AND A TAXI-DRIVER (PHILIP HOLLES).

Andrew; not the ageing Feste, or the Malvolio who, though Paul Rogers plays him with competence, is strangely out of the picture here; not the Olivia or the Sebastian, who lack any special colour; not the adaptable quay-cum-garden set which wants a flood of sunlight to warm up its greyness; none of these things, but the wholly enchanting Viola of Peggy Ashcroft. That is right and proper. Illyria belongs to Viola: one day she will be its Duchess, and she will be fortunate in her Duke, the high-romantic Orsino of Alec Clunes.

It is long since I have seen a Viola so fitted to the play. Peggy Ashcroft is never brisk or pert, never self-consciously disguised, more of *Boxing Night* than *Twelfth Night*. She is very quiet, very loyal. She does not juggle with words. When she says:

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it. . . .

it is no more than truth. This Viola realises what love can be—she is not toying with it—and the "willow cabin" speech comes from her with an absolute sincerity, with no kind of elaborate preparation. (We know that in her heart Viola is making the babbling gossip of the air cry out "Orsino!") And this is not Peggy Ashcroft's finest moment: that comes at the very end, when Viola, her lost brother before her, answers his question, "What countryman? What name? What parentage?" with the barely-breathed "Of Messaline." Now the play is played. Viola has her reward at last in the strange bitter-sweet Illyrian world. The Old Vic can be happy indeed to have had such a performance as this at its opening.

The Illyrians are old friends. The people of the tragedy of "Otho the Great" (which the Preview Theatre Club did on a Sunday night) should be old friends also, I suppose; but they have reached the stage for the first time after 130 years, and we are not at ease in their company. This is the unproduced play by Keats (who "enwrapped in poetry" a plot by Armitage Brown) and we hear in it the echoes of a young man's reading of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists. A good collector's evening; but most people were more at home with more familiar folk in the lightly farcical goings-on of "To Dorothy, A Son" (Savoy): gaily amusing if you do not consider them too deeply. None is likely to do this when Yolande Donlan trips across the stage, a wide-eyed doll, and Richard Attenborough is mazed in comic agony. What country, friends, is this? The programme says "near Dorking." Programmes, I know, are usually right, but here. . . .

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" (Old Vic, Waterloo Road).—The Old Victorians are at home again, and Viola (Peggy Ashcroft) is back in Illyria. This is a beguiling start to what should be a career of real excitement in Lilian Baylis's theatre. (Produced: November 14.)

"TO DOROTHY, A SON" (Savoy).—Toni and Myrtle were married in the Friendly Islands and divorced in Bolivia. They come together again near Dorking, but not for long, because Dorothy is about to have a son and there are such matters to consider as the International Date Line and Greenwich Mean Time and . . . and . . . but you see how it is. Or you will see if you call on Yolande Donlan, Richard Attenborough, and (off-stage) Sheila Sim, at the Savoy. The crafty author is Roger MacDougall. (Produced: November 23.)

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" (New Boltons).—One of the best of the club theatres reopens, under the vigorous direction of Peter Cotes. Dorothy Gordon (as a youthful spirit of evil), Jessica Spencer and Joan Miller lead a production that should cause the Lord Chamberlain to revoke a former ban on a strong, sincere drama. (Produced: November 21.)

"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE" (Arts Theatre Club).—The Arts continues to preserve Pinero. Quite right, too, by George, as Reginald Purdell exclaims in this chuckling revival of a farce which appeals to 1950 far more than it did to the London of 1911. Mr. Purdell as Panmure who kisses the governess, and Gwen Cherrell as the governess he has kissed, are in happy form. (Produced: November 15.)

"OTHO THE GREAT" (St. Martin's; Preview Theatre Club).—A "world première" of the blank-verse tragedy by John Keats (and Armitage Brown) written in 1819. (Produced: November 26.)

STORMS THAT TRANSFORMED A CITY: SCENES IN NEW YORK, AND KEYPORT, NEW JERSEY.



(ABOVE.) ROUGH SEAS IN NEW YORK: WAVES AND SPRAY WASHING OVER A SEA WALL AT 23RD STREET AND EAST RIVER DRIVE DRENCHING THE PARKED CARS.

THE storms which swept the eastern seaboard of the United States during the week-end of November 25-26 were officially described as the worst ever recorded. On November 27 it was announced that at least 229 people had lost their lives as a result of the gales and snowstorms. Underwriters estimated that total damage to property alone would easily surpass that of £145,000,000 caused by the Atlantic coast hurricane in 1938. Although New York escaped more lightly than most cities, thirty-eight deaths were recorded in the Metropolitan area; some idea of the danger to life and property caused by the high winds and the rain can be obtained from the photographs on this page. Other photographs of the storm appeared in our last issue. After the week-end storms Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and other big industrial centres lay under upwards of 30 ins. of snow.



HEAVY SEAS UNDER BROOKLYN BRIDGE: A NORMALLY CALM AREA OF THE RIVER TAKES ON THE APPEARANCE OF A STORM-TOSSED OCEAN.



ASHORE IN A BACK GARDEN AFTER THE STORM: THE EXCURSION BOAT CITY OF NEW YORK LYING AGROUND AT KEYPORT, NEW JERSEY, AFTER IT BROKE LOOSE FROM ITS WINTER MOORINGS A MILE AWAY.

NORMALLY ONE OF THE WORLD'S BUSIEST AIRFIELDS: LA GUARDIA AIRPORT, NEW YORK, INUNDATED WITH WIND-LASHED RAIN AND WATER FROM FLUSHING BAY.



DÉBRIS FROM A CORNICE, THAT CRASHED FROM THE ELEVENTH FLOOR, KILLING A PEDESTRIAN AND WRECKING A CAR: A SCENE IN A NEW YORK STREET.

NOW RECEIVING MINISTRY ATTENTION IN ITS DECLINE: THE EAST COAST OYSTER.



USED FOR STORING OYSTERS BEFORE SALE AND SOMETIMES AS WINTER QUARTERS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE OYSTER PITS AT PAGLESHAM, ESSEX.



PREPARING BATCHES OF SLATES UPON WHICH THE OYSTER SPAT MAY SETTLE UNDER CONDITIONS WHICH MAKE OBSERVATION AND CONSERVATION A SIMPLE MATTER.



ANOTHER METHOD OF COLLECTING OYSTER SPAT: PREPARING CARDBOARD EGG-BOXES, WHICH HAVE BEEN DIPPED IN CEMENT, AS TRAPS FOR THE FREE-SWIMMING SPAT.

During the present century a marked decline has become apparent in the flourishing oyster industry. This decline has been most noticeable on the East Coast and has been attributed to a number of causes, including the introduction of pests, epidemic disease, and the neglect of the oyster-beds during two world wars. To combat this



CATCHING THE OYSTER SPAT FOR COUNTING AND MEASURING: SEA-WATER BEING PUMPED THROUGH A FINE SILK NET ABOARD A MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES LAUNCH.

threat to an industry which provides employment for a large number of people, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries has now set up a small Shellfish Research Station at Burnham-on-Crouch, in the centre of the East Coast oyster-producing area, in addition to the Mussel Cleansing Station at Conway, North Wales. The main work

(Continued opposite.)

OYSTER PESTS: THE AMERICAN WHELK TINGLE AND SLIPPER LIMPET.



SHOWING THE SMALL HOLE DRILLED BY THE AMERICAN WHELK TINGLE TO REACH ITS PREY: THE SHELL OF A YOUNG OYSTER (2½ TIMES NATURAL SIZE).



PREPARING TO DRILL THROUGH TO ITS PREY: A FEMALE AMERICAN WHELK TINGLE ON AN OYSTER SHELL AT THE SHELLFISH RESEARCH STATION.



DEALING WITH A PEST WHICH COMPETES WITH THE OYSTERS FOR FOOD: A BASKET FULL OF SLIPPER LIMPETS BEING EMPTIED INTO A MODIFIED CAKE-CRUSHER.



INTRODUCED INTO THIS COUNTRY AT THE END OF THE LAST CENTURY: A CLUSTER OF SLIPPER LIMPETS, WHICH HAVE BECOME A PEST ON THE OYSTER-BEDS.

Continued.
of the scientists at the Research Station is to discover methods for controlling the enemies of the oyster, for reclaiming oyster-beds which are derelict, and for collecting and conserving the oyster spat. Great progress has already been made in restoring and reclaiming oyster-beds, in predicting spat falls, and in methods of dealing with

pests. For instance, Slipper Limpets, a pest introduced into this country at the end of the last century, which breed more rapidly than oysters, and compete with them for food and settling space, are now dredged from the beds and passed through a modified cake-crusher. The remains are returned as a fertiliser to the water.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. LION, CAT, PEACOCK, PARTRIDGE, SAINT.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ONE of the great pleasures of life is to come upon a place, a person, a well-remembered scene, and find in it something new—in the case of a person, an expression we had not noticed before, or a turn of the head which had escaped us; in the case of a place, a rearrangement of light or shade or colours which somehow gives new life and meaning to what is before our eyes. In neither case is it necessarily an alteration in the thing itself. The onlooker may be in a mood of very special awareness or of exaltation or merely of attention, in which what have previously appeared to be commonplace objects form a pleasing pattern or evoke an agreeable sentiment which he had previously ignored. The experience is one which everybody enjoys from time to time, unless he is one of those unfortunates who go about the world with their heads in sacks, and requires no further analysis.

For my own part, in addition to the endless changes of the countryside, I find that this kind of joyful revelation happens frequently when I stand again, after many years, before a well-known and famous painting. I hear someone murmur rather sourly: "All you are saying is that in the past you looked at the thing without seeing it," and that's no doubt true as far as it goes. What happens is, I suppose, that just as each generation has to discover its own scale of values, so each individual every decade—or every year, for that matter—brings to every work of art the experience he has acquired in the interval and, unless he is a walking corpse, can hardly fail to form a new judgment.

Anyway, there's my excuse for directing your attention to this little panel by Antonello da Messina (c. 1430-1479?) which now hangs—or, at least, was hanging a few weeks ago—in a corner of the new air-conditioned room at the National Gallery. I always found it remarkable—now it seems to me more than normally entrancing. Some of my reasons for that opinion may seem childish. If so, I share that childishness with the painter, who, I suggest, for all his serious intent and formidable skill, possessed something of the whimsicality of Lewis Carroll. Our pastors and masters are liable to approach works of art of this calibre either with hushed abasement or as if they were examining queer things under the microscope in a laboratory, thereby scaring the wits out of those of us who believe that simple enjoyment was as implicit in the aims of the painter as edification. No doubt this enchanting picture does, in fact, fortify the faithful;

it goes far beyond this—it is at once so noble, so subtly humorous and so humane that it ravishes even the agnostic. Of all the innumerable versions of St. Jerome in his study it is surely the least pretentious and the most subtle. The Fathers of the Church are not, it must be confessed, especially lovable characters to modern eyes—they seem to us unduly irascible, great men though they were—and the translator of the Bible into the Latin tongue is normally represented as a by no means agreeable old gentleman with a long grey beard (see a painting by Catena elsewhere in the

on the hob. Above the cat hangs the great man's towel. In the foreground is a bowl, a peacock and the partridge, which is, with the lion, the Saint's normal companion.

Since some weeks ago I copied a catalogue description of a Meissen porcelain bird which said "jay," and was very properly corrected by more than one ornithologist for not recognising a roller when I saw one, I have been careful to check up on this admirably painted bird (indeed, all these four creatures are exquisitely done—Antonello's observation is in the highest degree meticulously accurate). It is the

French partridge *Alectoris rufa rufa*, with bright red legs and bill, cheeks and throat white, the brownish plumage barred with white, black and chestnut red.

How lovingly, and with what serene understanding, the painter lingers over these minor details! Yet we have scarcely begun to look at this picture, much less to enjoy it. There are other and major glories. The manuscripts and odds and ends on the shelves, the play of light on the texture of the wood are no less satisfying, but when the eye has taken in all this, there remains, among other details, a gem, a masterpiece of painting—the landscape visible through the window on the left, and the tender, shimmering, infinitely subtle half-light on the tiled floor leading to it. Indeed, the whole of this tiled floor—left, right and foreground—is well worth prolonged study, no less than the beautifully drawn arch, with the sunlight full upon it, which serves as a frame to the quiet contemplative scene within. Now, take all these things one by one, and you have not yet obtained a picture: note how our painter, using a device which is sometimes adopted in the modern theatre, has arranged them to form a single but varied composition which tells his story quite simply—there is the Saint's character and legend for all to see, the man himself as he might have lived in fifteenth-century Italy—the great church, the creatures, the atmosphere of pious scholarship, withdrawn a little from the gleams of earth's beauty.

There are other subtleties also. Note first how the curves of the arches above and at each side contrast with the perpendicular and horizontal lines of the box-like structure which forms the workroom, and, secondly, how variety is given to the composition by the body of the reading scholar, the slant of the steps and the head, body and tail of the peacock—it is a most ingenious and satisfying arrangement considered merely as abstract design.

Our modern abstract painters are never tired of presenting us with that sort of lively pattern, but how many of them are capable of going further and enduing it with the breath of life, still less of giving to the world so harmonious and sympathetic a version of human endeavour?



"ST. JEROME": BY ANTONELLO DA MESSINA (c. 1430-1479?).

Antonello da Messina, who painted the National Gallery panel of St. Jerome which Frank Davis discusses on this page, was born in Messina either in or about 1430 (according to Becker and Thieme) or in 1414 (according to Bryan), and died in Venice either in 1479 or in 1493. He studied in Flanders with Van Eyck and introduced his method of painting in oils into Italy. On his return to his native land he settled in Venice, where he enjoyed a great success, and allowed other artists to learn from him the technique invented by Van Eyck.

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Gallery for comparison). But here is a man of great dignity sitting quietly in his study; his features are severe, but not, I think, unkindly, and he would not be out of place to-day in the Master's Lodge of any college. He has taken off his shoes and left them at the foot of the steps leading up to the raised platform which forms his workroom—a very charming domestic touch, this—and his lion is ambling away down the beautifully painted arched corridor on the right with the nonchalance of the better sort of cocker spaniel. Two plants in pots remind us that the day of sophisticated flower decorations has not yet dawned, and next to them is a grey, philosophic cat, almost audibly purring, which would have delighted Charles Lamb, whose only criticism might be that there is no kettle

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITURE: WORKS ON VIEW AT THE R.I. GALLERIES.

THE fifty-seventh annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters opened recently at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, and will continue until December 22. There are many portraits of well-known personalities among the works on view. We reproduce a selection, including three paintings by the Vice-President of the Society, Sir Oswald Birley, M.C., who is showing six. The President, Mr. Augustus John, O.M., R.A., is represented

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) "SIR BARCLAY Nihil, Chief Justice, Supreme Court, Kenya"; by Frederic Whiting, R.P.



"AUTRES TEMPS, AUTRES MŒURS"; BY ANTHONY DEVAS. THE GROUP SHOWS (L. TO R.) LADY BRIDGET PARSONS, MR. AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, MRS. EDWARD TENNANT AND SIR EDWARD MARSH, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G.



"PÈRE AUGUSTE"; BY HENRY CARR, R.P. THE SITTER'S RESTAURANT WAS THE LONDON WARTIME MEETING-PLACE OF THE FREE FRENCH.



"ROBERT BIRLEY, ESQ., C.M.G."; BY SIMON ELWES, R.P. THE SITTER HAS BEEN HEAD-MASTER OF ETON SINCE 1949.



"COLONEL SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNNE, BART., K.C.B., D.S.O., LORD LIEUTENANT OF DENBIGHSHIRE"; BY SIR OSWALD BIRLEY, M.C., R.P.



"PHILIP JORDAN, C.B.E."; BY HENRY CARR, R.P. THE SITTER IS THE ADVISER ON PUBLIC RELATIONS TO THE PRIME MINISTER.



"HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, G.C.V.O., D.S.O."; BY SIR OSWALD BIRLEY, M.C., R.P., VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.



"DR. HERBERT SCHOFIELD, C.B.E., PRINCIPAL OF LOUGHBOROUGH COLLEGE"; BY SIR OSWALD BIRLEY, M.C., R.P., WHO IS SHOWING SIX PORTRAITS.

[Continued.]

by one only, a portrait of Lord Conway of Allington. Père Auguste, the restaurateur who sat to Mr. Henry Carr, is a veteran of Verdun and a holder of the Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre. His establishment was the London

wartime meeting-place of the Free French. Mr. Philip Furneaux Jordan has been Public Relations Adviser to the Prime Minister since 1947. He was a War Correspondent 1939-45 and from 1946-47 First Secretary at the British Embassy, Washington.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THE degree of curiosity one feels about a new book need not be at all proportionate to one's expectation of pleasure. Still, it is caused by something, and that something must presumably be some kind of merit. I am obliged to start off with these reflections, puerile as they are, in the name of honesty—because I did look forward, in a sense, to "Helena," by Evelyn Waugh (Chapman and Hall; 9s. 6d.), and yet its author always strikes me as over-rated, and slightly blood-curdling. To me it is a source of fathomless bewilderment that in his comic vein he makes some people laugh heartily. Of course, being over-rated is a pull in itself; even if one can't agree, one can't quite escape the influence. But there are other grounds for curiosity, and Mr. Waugh has not acquired his reputation by chance. Casting about for an exact description of his talent, I stumbled on the word cleverness; he is incomparably clever. Which sounds unflattering, but really there is no surer card. Then he has a decided literary character—a certain dryness, and a love of pain and ignominy, not to be found elsewhere, and well adapted to the literary climate. At the very lowest, people are afraid to dislike it.

So it is natural to ask: What has he done now? This time his subject is the legend of Helena, who was the mother of Constantine the Great, and found the True Cross. It was suggested by his "desultory reading in History and Archaeology"; but, as he adds, "the resulting book... is neither History nor Archaeology." He has allowed himself to pick and choose among the old stories, or invent freely; why not, where almost everything is guesswork? Thus he makes Helena the offspring of Old King Cole—as one tradition has it—rather than an innkeeper's daughter, as Gibbon thought more plausible. With less excuse, he takes away her husband's character, and gives him a "small, cold soul." The nickname Chlorus, from his pale complexion, is ascribed to Helena, who calls him "green-faced Constantius"—for Helena is childlike in a complex and corrupt world. Also, she is intended for a warm-hearted, loving wife. But warmth of heart is outside the author's range; he can suggest the beauty and romance of youth by descriptive interludes, but not in personal relations. At the deplorable, elaborate and murderous court of Constantine he springs back to life, and here a good time will be had by all. Especially as Constantine (tradition says, and Mr. Waugh, of course, agrees) had a wicked Empress, whom he boiled in her bath.

In short, a medley of the horrid and the high-serious, the prankish and the polemical. All deft and light, and very dexterously written, chock full of ingenuities, predictions after the event, and so on. One cleric, for example, says to Helena: "Suppose that in years to come, when the Church's troubles seem to be over, there should come an apostate of my own trade, a false historian, with the mind of Cicero or Tacitus and the soul of an animal"—and nods towards a gibbon on a gold chain, chattering for plums. This suave polemic thrust is rather ill-judged, since we have learnt that Helena became a horse in her girlish daydreams, and in her waking practice was addicted to trying on bridles.

The warmth this brilliant, but I think mistaken, venture fails to work up, in Walter Macken is a gift of nature. It is the great, though not the only charm of "Rain on the Wind" (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.)—the story of a poor Galway boy, disfigured by a frightful birthmark, and extremely thick-headed. Mico is always bottom of the class; his brother Tommy knows all the answers. Tommy is unblemished, handsome, and the mother's pet; he will get on in life. But Mico doesn't want to get on. He simply wants and means to be a fisherman, than which there is nothing higher. Really, his slowness is a kind of wisdom, for the things he can't learn are only what he doesn't need. But later on he needs love and marriage; yet it seems vain to hope for them, and even wrong to try. For he brings ill luck. His mother says so, and events are all on her side.

The thread is Mico's touching and enduring love; the events are episodes. His battle with the gander and escape from drowning, at five years old: the great day of the mackerel, and of the gang fight: the boys' adventure on the fairy island: Mico's exile in Connemara, where he caught sand-eels in the moonlight, and his heart was broken: then the return visit and the storm, the phantom rowing-boat three lengths behind. . . . And so on—independent scenes, but all cast in the same mould, filled with an atmosphere of love and friendship, the enchantments of local colour and the beauty of hardihood. One can't quite say this charming book is over-sweet. But just now and then, it is perhaps a shade too conscious and too ingratiating.

"Home Town," by Cleveland Amory (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), is a joke on the publishers; at least on publishing as it is understood in New York. A youth from Copper City, Arizona, has produced a bookful of articles about his native place—"the most unique town in the world," as it delights to call itself. Unique it is, for it is built on a mountain-side, and has begun to slide down at record speed. But who cares? The firm's director of publicity can't think; all books disgust him and he never reads, but he has never met so obvious a non-starter. The theme is hopeless, and the writer is a hick journalist, a thorough denizen of Copper City, with the dust in his hair. The only spark of promise is his name. He is Mitchell Hickok; it may be just possible to sell him in a cowboy hat, as a descendant of Wild Bill Hickok.

So Mitch arrives in New York, a kind of journalistic Mr. Deeds, and sweeps all before him. But entirely in his own style. And at the height of his surprising vogue, he takes a plane back to Arizona. These triumphs of simplicity are what we all enjoy, and there are patches of extremely good fun.

"Staircase 4," by Helen Reilly (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), is a hotch-potch of well-worn thrills. Mark is supposed to have committed suicide. His girl insists that it was murder, and suspects a certain "round man," untraceable and nameless. No one believes her, everyone attempts to soothe, and there are signs that her brain is turned. Of course, that settles it; we know that she has guessed right. And presently the hunt is up, with murder yet to come, suspicion broadcast, and Gabrielle for ever in the wrong place at the worst time. Plenty of action and a wealth of couples, all involved somehow. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SOLDIERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ONE of the joys of living in my beloved Chelsea is the nearness and awareness of its dominant building, the Royal Hospital. Its beauty is a constant refreshment to the eye, its gardens to young and old (and their dogs), while the services in the Chapel are admirably suited to the youngest young. For the hymns are familiar, the sermons of admirably military brevity (I have never known one last longer than 9½ minutes), and there is always a chance that there may not be one at all—with the band of the Blues or the Grenadier Guards discoursing music most excellently suited to the Church Militant instead. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I greet "The Royal Hospital, Chelsea," by Captain C. G. T. Dean (Hutchinson; 21s.), a most comprehensive and amusingly written description of the Pensioners' gracious last home. On Christmas Day, 1681, Charles II. granted "about £2000 to be issued out of his more particular private money in his own Hands, to begin so excellent a work." Later he did more, increasing the gift to £6787 4s. 2½d.—"the balance of money which was in his hands for Or Secret Service." The munificence of the gift—which must have meant large economies—is the more remarkable when one remembers the chronic shortage of money which afflicted Charles throughout his reign, and the fact that his continued existence on the throne was in doubt for lack of the thews and sinews of political war with which to confront an opposition backed by numbers, ability and all the wealth of the City of London.

I am sorry that Captain Dean so very firmly shoots down the legend that the Hospital was founded as the result of the tender-hearted intervention of Nell Gwynn, whose principal connection with Chelsea seems to have been that her mother was drowned in the Pimlico ditch into which she fell while drunk. But truth, I suppose, must be served, and the historian's business is with ascertainable fact, not romantic fancy. Still, I cannot suppress a sigh for the passing of a graceful fairy-tale. The Hospital was not always the model of decorum and ancient military dignity which it is to-day. In its long history it has been the sport, and perquisite, of the politicians, and corruption, both on the part of the officers and pensioners, kept recurring. However, as one who is about to go on a diet, I look a little wistfully at the "sick diet" prescribed which allowed the afflicted, "For Dinner, Veal, Lamb, Fish or Pudding, with a quart of small Beer." O si sic omnes medici!

Royal Hospital, as those of us who lived near enough to share the blast know, was badly damaged by a V-2. Its connection with wars therefore extends over two-and-a-half centuries. But the soldiers for whom the Hospital was founded could never have conceived of warfare as it is described by "Strategicus" in "A Short History of the Second World War" (Faber; 16s.). Military commentators were sometimes—and not always unfairly—mocked. "Beachcomber's" egregious "Borax," who always hedged his bets, was a prototype of a certain kind of commentator. "Strategicus," however, not merely wrote one of the clearest commentaries of the war: he obtained one of the highest percentages of hits in an ungrateful game. The eight volumes which he published at the time can fully bear re-reading to-day—a remarkable feat when one remembers how much of the knowledge which we now have of the intentions and aspirations of both sides was necessarily unknown at the time. His new book will, I predict, have a ready sale. It has all the clarity of style to which I have referred, and the chapter headed "Inquest" is as sensible as it is hard-hitting. A most valuable book.

Mr. Hilary St. George Saunders is to my mind a prodigy. There seems to be no military subject—in the widest sense of the word—to which the former Librarian of the House of Commons cannot turn his pen and about which he cannot write with the easy intimacy of one who was there. His latest book, "The Red Beret" (Michael Joseph; 15s.), finely tells the story of a fine body of men—the Parachute Regiment—from its earliest days (when for the pioneers all was experimental) to the war-hardened veterans with their perfected self-taught technique and, alas, their predestined casualty list of 50 per cent. per action.

I saw a certain amount of the early days of the Glider Pilot Regiment in their first officially neglected, heart-breaking beginnings at Tilshead (I am delighted, incidentally, to hear that their "onlie begetter" and commanding officer throughout, Brigadier Chatterton, is writing their history), and Mr. Saunders, with that flair of his, has wonderfully caught the frustrations and exasperations of their brother regiment.

Escape stories are always exciting, and "Wingless Victory," the story of the escape of Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry from Occupied France in 1940 (Odhams; 9s. 6d.) is no exception. It is related, not by Sir Basil himself, but by Mr. Anthony Richardson, an experienced writer and a member of the same R.A.F. squadron. The present Chief of Fighter Command had a remarkable wartime career. He got the D.S.O. for his escape, returned to fly again and collect a couple of bars to it. It is, as I say, an extremely exciting story, but it is well spiced with its humours as well. After being shot down, captured and breaking away from a marching column of prisoners, Sir Basil thought to become an "American citizen." In his tramp's clothes he boldly walked to the American Consulate General and claimed to be a distressed American subject. Luckily the girl who questioned him, though she told him afterwards that the American idiom on which he prided himself "sounded like something out of a phoney film," helped him and took the first steps to set him on his arduous and dangerous path to liberty.

"Naga Path," by Ursula Graham Bower (Murray; 16s.), has been so much discussed that it needs little comment from me. This story of the English girl among the Nagas, who became the only woman to hold command under General Slim, has no literary pretensions—but it tells itself. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE Postal Chess League which I founded in 1944 very soon had, in response to general demand, its junior counterpart. Sir George Thomas, who has never spared himself in the service of boys' chess, readily donated a handsome cup, and the Junior Postal Chess League, for teams of eight-a-side, is now commencing its fourth season.

The games played often exhibit a delightful adolescent insouciance, but sometimes the skill and insight they show take my breath away. In this game, played this year, Black adopts the very latest recommendation of the American master, Reuben Fine, in the Petroff Defence:

WHITE: R. H. Cassen (Bedford School).

BLACK: P. Thursfield (Leeds Grammar School).

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-K4	P-K4	5. P-Q4	P-Q4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	6. B-Q3	B-K2
3. Kt×P	P-Q3	7. Q-K2	Castles
4. Kt-KB3	Kt×P	8. Kt-B3	

To win a pawn by 8. B×Kt, P×B; 9. Q×P would be hazardous in view of Black's resource, 9. . . . R-K1.

9. P×Kt	8. Kt×Kt	11. Castles	P-QB4
10. Kt-K5	R-K1	12. Q-B3	B-B3
	P-KKt3	13. B-KKt5!	



Enterprising and sound. If 13. . . . B×B; 14. Q×BPch, K-R1; 15. B×P seems adequately answered by 15. . . . R-K2 but to 15. Kt×Pch, P×Kt; 16. Q×KKtP I can find no adequate answer at all; 16. . . . Q-K2 (what else?) loses against 17. QR-K1, as 17. . . . Q×R allows mate.

14. QR-K1	13. R-K3	15. B×BP	P×B
	P-B5	16. P-Q5	R-R3?

If 16. . . . R×Kt or 16. . . . R-K1; 17. B×B.

Better prospects were offered by 16. . . . R-Q3; 17. Kt×QBP, and now not 17. . . . B×B; 18. Kt×R, Q×Kt because of 19. R-K8ch followed by 20. R×B, but 17. . . . R-R3 and White has to work hard to hold the game since 18. B×B can be answered by 18. . . . R×B!—much better than 18. . . . Q×B; 19. Q×Q followed by 20. R-K8ch, etc.

17. Kt-B6!	Kt×Kt	19. P×Kt	R×BP
18. B×B	Q-B1	20. B-K7	Q-K1

The smoke of battle has cleared a little. Fittingly, material is even, and the unlike bishops make a draw likely. White now finds he can do little with the discovered attack on queen by rook but should have chosen 21. B-B5, followed by B-Q4; this bishop would then rake the diagonal.

21. B-Kt4	B-K3	23. R-Q1	R×R
22. Q-B6	R-Q1	24. R×R	B-Q4

Again neat. 25. R×B? Q-K8 mate.

24. . . . B-B4, attacking the queen as in the game but with an eye on the pawn at White's QB2 as well, would not be sound: 25. R-Q8! R×Q; 26. R×Qch, K-Kt2; 27. B-B8ch, K-Kt1; 28. B-K7 dis ch, followed by B×R.

25. Q-Q4	R-K3	28. R-Q1	P-QR4
26. R-KB1	Q-B3	29. B-R3	Q-R5
27. P-B3	P-Kt3		Adjudicated a draw.

Good play for juniors!

Power Cartridge

Modern explosives date back only to 1866 when Alfred Nobel invented dynamite. Of the many explosive substances which followed nearly all can be usefully employed in mining and quarrying, but powerful explosives may be difficult to control, save in the hands of experts. Some explosives, however, had until recently no use except in firearms. But in the early 1930's, I.C.I. research workers at Ardeer in Scotland discovered a method of modifying explosives so that their power may be accurately controlled and harnessed for useful work. At first what are called

Power Cartridges, loaded with this modified explosive, were used for starting aeroplane engines. But further research at Ardeer has led to the discovery of new substances which achieve similar results with much greater certainty. Power Cartridges, for instance, can now be made to exert several horsepower for periods varying from one hundredth of a second to several minutes. Their uses range from starting farm tractors and heavy oil engines to propelling model aeroplanes, and from driving in rivets to operating fire extinguishers and the landing gear of aircraft.





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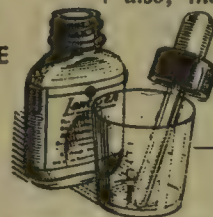
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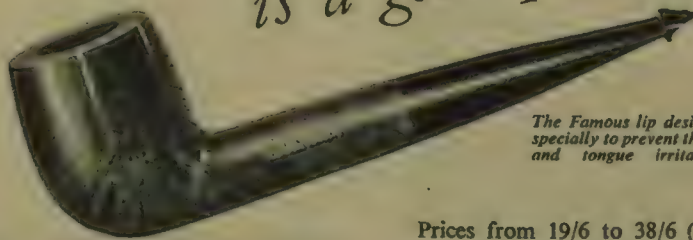
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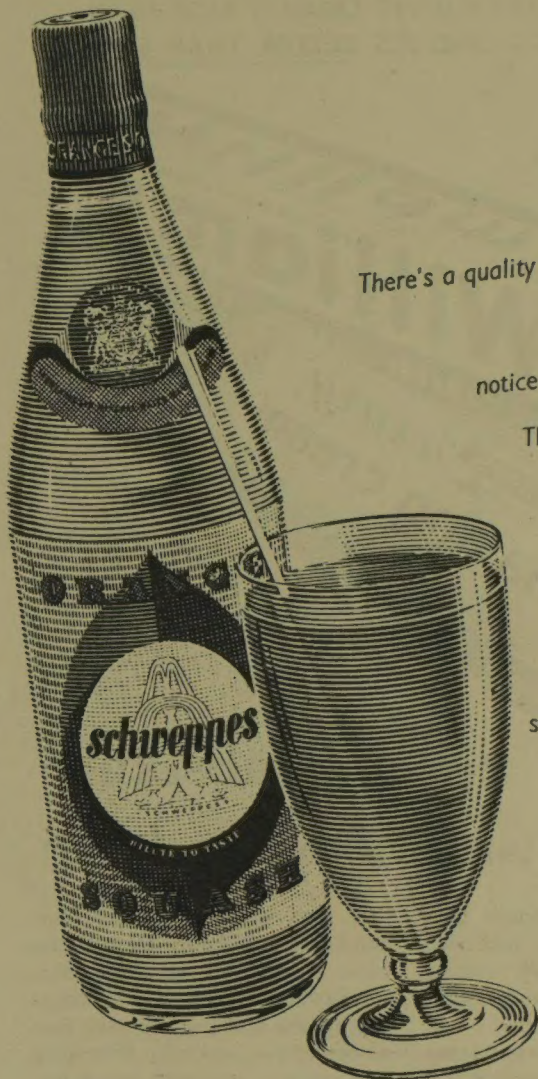
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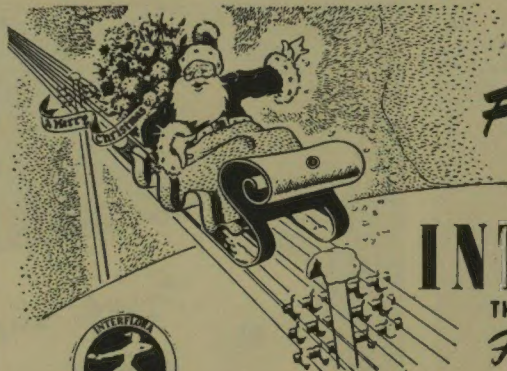
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